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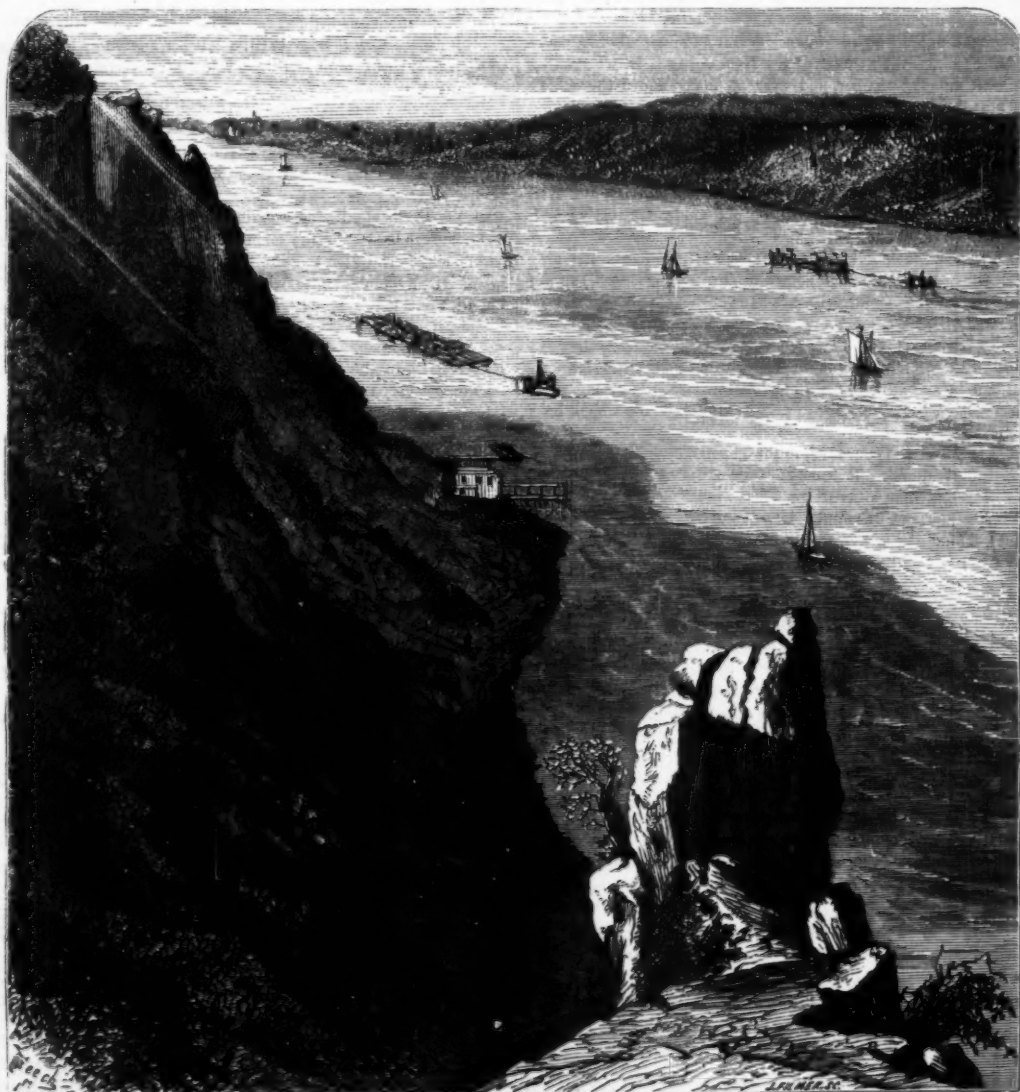
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VIEW UP THE HUDSON FROM FORT LEE. See page 688.

LADY SWEETAPPLE; OR, THREE TO ONE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ANNALS OF AN EVENTFUL LIFE."

CHAPTER VII.—THE CARLTONS AT HOME.

"So they are all coming," said Sir Thomas, to Lady Carlton.

"Yes, all. Not one excuse. How delightful it will be!"

This was said at breakfast on the 25th, when Florence and Alice were present.

"And do you think it so delightful?" said her father to his elder daughter.

"Delightful is a strong word, papa, you know," said Florence. "I am not so fond of superlatives as mamma; but still I think I shall like it very well."

"And you, Alice?"

"Oh," said Alice, "I am not so positive, or perhaps I ought rather to say so comparative, as Florry. I agree with mamma in her superlatives, and think it will be most delightful."

"That's all right," said Sir Thomas. "I see it will be a very pleasant party; but we must ask some of the neighbors, or we shall have too few at dinner."

"I thought, papa, I heard you say something once about a party not exceeding nine—the number of the Muses. As it is, we shall be thirteen—an unlucky number, and ever so many above the sacred number nine."

"That was a rule laid down by the ancient Greeks, Florry—a country in which every man and woman was agreeable and amusing. But in this cold country our wits are not so bright; and so, to get more clever people together, we are obliged to ask twenty, and even then we may think ourselves lucky if we get one in ten really worth listening to."

"I am sure we have got two out of our thirteen worth listening to," said Alice, who would have gone on to utter their names, had not her sister stopped her mouth with her hand.

"No, no, Alice; don't say any more. Leave papa to guess."

"I'm not going to do any such thing," said Sir Thomas. "I should think there were many more than two out of the thirteen very pleasant and agreeable. But it is fortunate we are not all bound to agree in thinking the same person pleasant, or this life would be a weary one."

At this point of the conversation Sir Thomas exclaimed:

"Bless me! there's the T-cart. I must be off;" and in three minutes he was rattling away to the station.

When her husband was gone, Lady Carlton supplied his place.

"But I should like to know who the two are that Alice has picked out. Might I know?"

"Oh, it's no secret, I am sure," said Florence. "Alice means Edward Vernon and Harry Fortescue."

"Both very nice young men," said Lady Carlton, "but rather too idle to please your papa. He says he is sure they will neither of them ever be lord-chancellor."

"O mamma!" broke in Florence, "who could ever wish to see Harry Fortescue lord-chancellor, sitting on a woolsock in a long robe, and with a flowing wig? For my part, I like him much better as he is. Fancy a lord-chancellor dancing! But Harry Fortescue does dance so beautifully."

"There you are wrong, Florence," said Alice. "I'm sure I have read somewhere in English history that Sir Christopher Hatton danced, and he was lord-chancellor."

"Oh, but that was a long time ago, when lord-chancellors weren't so old and ugly as they are now. No, I could not bear to see Harry Fortescue lord-chancellor."

"Make your mind easy, my darling," said Lady Carlton; "there is no fear of such a dreadful thing. You will dance many times with him before he is raised to the woolsock."

After this there was a pause in the conversation, till Alice said:

"Mamma, who is my neighbor?"

"My dear," said Lady Carlton, "what a question! In one sense, every one is your neighbor."

"Yes, I know that; that's very like what the Catechism says. But I mean now, who is my neighbor in the sense of this dinner-party on the 2d of June. You know papa said we must ask the neighbors;

and, as I shall have to write the notes, I want to know who our neighbors are."

"Let me see," said Lady Carlton. "We must ask the Pennyroyals, and we won't ask Lord and Lady Bigod. They have but one idea between them, and that is of the dignity of the Bigods, who, as we are sick of hearing, came in with the Conqueror. They do well enough in town, but we really cannot ask them in the country. Then there's Mr. Succado, the great sugar-baker, who lives in Mincing Lane, and who is a friend of your papa's in the city. He is too vulgar. We won't have him. Then there's Mr. and Mrs. Rubrick, the incumbent of the district church; we haven't asked them ever so long. He is very gentlemanlike, though he is so very 'high;' and she never commits herself, for she never opens her mouth. Well, we will have them, too," said Lady Carlton. "That makes seventeen. Now we only want two more, and who shall those two be?"

"I know," said Florence. "We will ask Mr. Sonderling, that strange German gentleman, who sings so beautifully, and speaks English so badly; and Miss Markham, our dear old maid. She is really too, delightful! We must have her on the 1st of June, too, or we shall sit down thirteen."

"That will do capitally," said Lady Carlton; "and now, Alice, do, like a good girl, write these notes, and send a groom round with them. They ought to go out without fail to-day."

With these words, Lady Carlton left her daughters to go up-stairs to their own room, while she went into the conservatory to look after her flowers.

"What do you think of the party now, Florry?" said Alice, when they had reached what was called the young ladies' room. Once it had been a day-nursery. Then, as the governess succeeded the nurse, it became a schoolroom; and when Miss Stokes retreated, as we have said, a year or two before, it became a studio and sanctum for the sisters. On the right hand was their bedroom, for they were old-fashioned enough to sleep in the same room; and on the left was Palmer's room; and, if you wish to know who Palmer was, she was their lady's-maid. Happy young ladies, who could do not only with one bedroom, but with one lady's-maid! What a comfort it would be in country-houses, if all young ladies and their maids could be stowed away in such small compass!

"What do I think of the party now, Alice?" repeated Florence. "I think it very nice. My mind would be quite easy if it weren't that Lady Sweetapple is coming. Mr. Sonderling is not very handsome, but he is very odd and very clever: don't you think, Alice, he would make a good second husband for Lady Sweetapple?"

"No, I don't, dear, if Harry Fortescue is in the way. Tell me, now, why don't I feel as anxious about Edward Vernon as you do about Harry Fortescue? I don't break my heart when I see him dancing with any one else; and yet I have seen you bite your bouquet to pieces if Harry takes so much as one turn with Lady Sweetapple."

"Alice," said Florence, with an air of great solemnity, "that's because you are young and giddy, and without experience. You don't know so much of the ways of this wicked world of fashion as I do. How can you, when I have been out one whole season and a half, and you half a season? Another thing is, that, so far as I can see, Edward Vernon never dances with Lady Sweetapple. I wish he did; for then Harry would dance less with her. Edward is what I call a general, and Harry a particular dancer. Edward dances with every one that can dance and is good-looking. That I don't object to at all; but Harry dances often with the same people, and over and over again with one, and that one is Lady Sweetapple; and that's what I don't like."

As Florence Carlton said this, the tears began to roll down her cheeks.

"Now, now, don't take on so, darling, or I shall never get these letters finished. Why are you so jealous? Do you think, now, that Harry Fortescue, a young man of sense and good feeling, would ever marry a widow?"

"As for that," sobbed Florry, "when I see her so bewitching, I begin to think she isn't a widow at all, and that makes me tremble; for, of course, Harry would never marry a widow."

"Of course not," said Alice; "that's just what I said. Harry and Edward belong to one class, and that is ours; and Lady Sweetapple belongs to another, and that isn't ours; and so, if Harry and Edward belong to us, they can't belong to her. Don't you see, darling?"

"I don't see what you say so much as I feel it. I am sure, if what you say isn't true, it ought to be true; but, for all that, I wish Lady Sweetapple were not coming to High Beech."

"I am sure, if wishing would keep her away, she should never come here," said Alice; "for, though I defy her to touch Edward's heart, it does put me out to see you so vexed, my pet. But dry your eyes, like a good child; for I must ring for Palmer, and I don't want her to see you with your eyes as swollen as gooseberries."

So Florry dried her eyes as she was bid, and in due time Palmer appeared—a nice, buxom woman of thirty—and carried off the notes with strict injunctions that a groom on horseback was to deliver and bring back answers in each case.

"Dear me, Miss Florry," said Palmer, "how the wind has caught your face and eyes! To look at you, one would have thought you had been bursting out crying; and yet there have been no wind today."

"Well, Palmer," said Florry, "and if I have been crying, what does that matter? Must one always be laughing? Mayn't one cry sometimes by way of a change?"

"I'd far liefer see you laughing, my bonny bird, than crying," said the faithful Palmer, who had been born and brought up in the family of Sir Thomas. "They used to say that when women cried, it mattered nothing; but I say it matters a deal when you cry, for you're one of the laughing sort altogether."

"Well, well, Palmer," said Alice, coming to the rescue, "we must all cry a gallon of tears before we die, as the proverb says, and these tears are shed by Florry to help to fill the measure. She has shed so few she is afraid lest death should overtake her before the gallon is full."

"As for that, Miss Alice," said Palmer, "I wouldn't begin too soon. I would see if I couldn't cry them all at the end of my life, when it doesn't so much signify if one's eyes are red and one's face swollen up."

By this time Florry's face had resumed its usual expression, and almost as soon as Palmer had given the letters to the groom, no one could have told that she had shed a tear.

"How do you look? No, not the least of a fright. And all about nothing, you know. How do you know that Harry cares the least for Lady Sweetapple, even though he does dance now and then with her?"

All this time you have heard nothing about the looks of these two young ladies.

Florence was the taller, as she was the elder, of the two; very well grown, so that a very aquatic young man of their acquaintance, a Cambridge man, and in the third Trinity, could find no better words to express his admiration of her figure than to exclaim, "What a splendid No. 7 she'd make in our boat!" She was dark, with large brown eyes, rather a thick nose, and full lips. Her face would have been heavy had it not been that it was enlivened with the most cheerful and varying expression. It was not at all certain that she would not have been set down as "that tall, plain girl," had it not been for the endless play of feeling which passed across her face; and in this respect Florence Carlton was an example of the truth of the remark, that expression is to features what the soul is to the body.

"Pretty?" that generation of backbiters, the College of Old Cats, used to say when describing her over their tea—"pretty? Why she hasn't a single good feature, except her white teeth. Who can be pretty with such a nose and such thick lips? See if she isn't a downright fright when she's old."

But, in spite of this ukase of the venerable college, almost every one else was convinced that Florence Carlton was a very pretty girl, though it would have puzzled them to prove it by picking her features to pieces. She had a great advantage, too, in being beautifully made. She had small, but not too small, hands and feet; her arms were models for roundness and symmetry; they were fair and white, too, and never looked the color of red pieces of raw meat, like some other arms which might be named, and which might just as well be hung up on hooks at Mr. Lidstone's shop. Not long ago, indeed, one of these underdone young ladies let the lions see her arms at the Zoo on Sunday, and the consequence was such a commotion and fury among the great carnivora as never was known in the Regent's Park before.

"What are they roaring at?" asked the raw-boned innocent of the respected keeper who watches over the digestion of the lions.

"Why, ma'am, if you must know, they're a-roaring at your arms. It has reminded them of their feeding-hour, and that makes them very savage, for they ain't fed till four, and it's now barely two o'clock."

Then, as the roaring rather increased as the young lady retreated, much alarmed, "There, they don't like that, miss. They've got quite fond of you like. Just for all the world as when a mamma puts a little boy close to the bars that he may have a good-sight of the lion, she forgets, bless her heart, that lions have feelings likes all the rest of us, and appetites, too. Then Nero falls to roaring, as much as to say to the old lady, 'Much obliged to you, ma'am, for bringing me such a fat little boy;' for he thinks, of course, I'm going to open the cage and give him the boy; and, when he finds he's not to have him, he falls a-roaring twice as loud, for lions can't bear to be disappointed any more than us humans."

But to return from this digression on raw arms, which it were much to be desired could be cured like warts, or stuttering, or indigestion. Florry Carlton's arms were not red, and in every other respect she was a charming young woman. She was rather tall, but so well made that no one observed it; or rather, they only remarked it to her advantage, and never when her height could be called an objection.

Her sister Alice was shorter, and slighter, and prettier. She had red-brown hair, or brown chestnut, or auburn, or whatever color that beautiful hair is called, the staple of which seems to be brown inside, powdered with gold, and turned up with gold at the ends. Her eyes were dark blue, and, if you ask why hers were of that hue while her sister's were brown, the answer is, no one can tell. We have no authority to inform us how the paints are mixed which turn us out this or that color and complexion after we are born. Sometimes, indeed, the father or the mother seems to have all power over the children in this respect; but very often they are like neither of them, and we have to go back to grandpapa's picture in the library, or to great-grandmamma's in the gallery up-stairs, before we can say, "Why, here is Frances to the life a hundred years ago. Her eyes, and hair, and hue. She only wants to have her hair dressed in powder, and her body in hoops, and farthingale, and lace, to be the very image of her great-grandmamma."

All the features of Alice Carlton were better and finer than those of her sister. Her lips were thinner, and, altogether, she had a firmer mouth and jaw. But the serious character of the lower part of her face was relieved by the perpetual sunlight of her brow. Her eyes were so bright and lively, that her lips could not fail to smile under the influence of the sunny regions above. But, when her lips were won to smiling, the whole Alice seemed to be a thing of smiles and grace. There was no use resisting her influence. She became magnetic, and even old Grumps, at the Sarcophagus Club, who was never seen to smile except when he gloated over his dinner, must have caught the infection at seeing her, and smiled like all the rest of the world. This is what the Greeks meant by the Cestus of Venus, which drew all men to her; and this is what the Germans call *Anmuth*—that nameless grace of body, face, and form, that wins men over to women, body and soul, and makes them their abject slaves. A very dangerous gift and power, you will say, if placed in bad hands. In which observation we quite agree, only, of course, neither the writer nor the reader has ever met with such a wicked woman.

As to her figure and form, Alice Carlton was much the same as her elder sister. That was a well-made family. There were no humpbacks, or curved spines, or bow-legs, among the Carltons. As soon as they could walk, they stood straight. When they ran alone, their nurses were never afraid that their ankles would turn in. Every step they took on Mother Earth seemed to give them a firmer hold of her, and she repaid their confidence by never tripping them up.

CHAPTER VIII.—HOW THEY ALL SPENT THEIR TIME TILL THE FIRST OF JUNE.

AND, now that we have told you so much about the characters which will play a part in this story, let us pass over the days which lay between the 25th of May and the 1st of June. We all know and remember what May was in 1870, and what it usually is in London—a dry, cold, cheerless month, in which green peas are cut off by frost like a knife, in which amateur gardeners are in agonies about their

bedding-out plants, and in which missionary-meetings and sore-throats abound. If we can remember any thing of last year—if the great sponge of the war has not passed so thoroughly over our memories as to wipe out all recollection of May, 1870—we may recollect that it was fine, and bright, and dry. The sun had such power, that June came in with a burst of flowers, and green peas out of the open ground were fit to eat by Ascot races. The month of May, therefore, in 1870, or at least the latter part of it, was by no means true to its character, and its last days were very pleasant. That they were fully enjoyed by Lady Sweetapple in her way, by Edward Vernon and Harry Fortescue in their way, as well as by Count Pantouffles in his way, and by Colonel and Mrs. Barker, and the Marjorams in theirs, was, of course, to be expected.

Lady Sweetapple spent those days in driving about like a meteor from shop to shop, and from house to house, ordering dresses and hats, driving even Madame Coupe Baptiste out of her wits by her fanciful demands. "Les veuves sont toujours si exigeantes," said that renowned modiste, after Lady Sweetapple had paid her her tenth visit in five days. "And then, to think of all the silks and satins ruined, absolutely *abîmés*, by her vagaries!" However, the consolation was that Lady Sweetapple would find them all in the bill, and that, if she was her own mistress, she was also her own paymaster. At night she appeared at two balls and a crush, and once she went to see *M. P.*, with a chosen party of four, in the stalls. At both the balls she met Edward Vernon and Harry Fortescue, and we are sorry to add that Florry Carlton's peace of mind would have been much troubled, had she known that after one of those balls, at which Harry actually danced twice with Lady Sweetapple, she asked him to make one of that party of four at the Prince of Wales's Theatre. When it was known, however, that the other couple was made up by old Lady Sightseer and her indefatigable husband, it must be confessed that, with such chaperons, there could be no scandal about Harry and the pretty widow.

As for Count Pantouffles, he did as the noble family of Pantouffles have always done. He got up early, and his valet brought him a cup of coffee and a rusk. Then he made his toilet till eleven. At half-past he was at the Diplomatic Club, as fresh as paint. There he ate an enormous breakfast. When he had digested it, he went to the legation, and found, as usual, little or nothing to do. Sometimes he had to translate, or to cut out, in order to hand it over to a translator, a passage out of the *Official Journal* of the court from which Count Pantouffles had been accredited, stating that "Our august sovereign has proceeded to the mountains for change of air, whence he is expected to return with health sufficiently recruited to resume the cares of government in about six weeks." Or, "On Tuesday last, the king, our august sovereign, received the ministers of England and France. In the evening there was a grand dinner at court, to which the same ministers had the honor of being invited." When these astounding pieces of information had been duly turned into English by the sworn translator of the legation, it was the duty of Count Pantouffles to hand them over to his chief, having first put them into an envelope; after which the said chief, the Marquis of Parva Sapientia, embodied them in a dispatch, and drove off to the Foreign Office to communicate it to the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and, after having read it, to inform him that, if he chose, he might have a copy of it—an offer which, in nine cases out of ten, was respectfully declined.

While the Marquis of Parva Sapientia was thus employed, Count Pantouffles's labors for the day were over. He returned to the club and had luncheon. Then he went home, and made, again with the help of his valet, his afternoon toilet. By this time it was about five o'clock. After that hour he either paid visits or showed himself in the park, standing and gazing at nothing in particular by the side of the drive. But, though you thought he saw nothing, there never was so quick-sighted a man as Count Pantouffles for any of his acquaintances, and it really was a sight to see him take off his hat and make a bow. There can be little doubt, in fact, that for this only Count Pantouffles was created—to instruct the world in bowing. It was said in his own country that the first Count Pantouffles, who always held the emperor's slippers when the Holy Roman Emperor was crowned, invented the art of bowing, by which it is not to be supposed that there were no bows before his time any more than no Pantouffles, but that he so improved the art that after him all the bows that had ever been made were as though they had never existed. After his day the art became hereditary in his family, and, if

he had lived in China, he and his descendants would have been appointed at once the "emperor's own bower," and be entitled to wear six ducks' feathers in their caps, and eat their dinners off yellow china.

But this bow of Pantouffles—what was it? That is very difficult to say. It was a thing to see, and not to describe. When Count Pantouffles bowed, it was done with a rapidity and precision which no master of the ceremonies could have ever approached. Abroad, where such things are more valued, alas! than in this democratic country, the count, if he could have made up his mind to prostitute his talents for filthy lucre, might have made a handsome income by giving lessons in bowing. But even here it was appreciated, and we have often seen Count Pantouffles watched in the Row by a knot of ardent admirers, who were trying to catch the trick of his remarkable performance, and, as soon as he had bowed twenty times, rushed off into secluded parts of the park and began to practise the art of bowing *à la Pantouffles*.

After he had bowed enough—he has often said he bowed out ten new hats in the year—Count Pantouffles went back to the club to read the evening papers. After that, in the winter, he sat in an easy-chair by the fire, and talked of the weather and other abstruse subjects with his acquaintances. In the summer he sat by the open window, and smiled and showed his beautiful teeth to the passers-by. Did he bow then? What a question! Don't you know it is the rudest thing you can do to bow to any one out of window? It is worse than looking at the new moon through glass, cutting your hair with the waning moon, sending the wine round against the sun, or any other well-known fatal acts. Merely to do it once would subject a man to the minor ostracism of society. He would never be invited to dinner, but only to breakfast or an occasional drum; and a repetition of the offence would consign a man to the utter darkness of his own vulgar habits, for no decent person would ever ask him into his house. When he had smiled sufficiently in summer, or warmed himself enough in winter, Count Pantouffles went home and dressed for dinner. It is much to be doubted if there ever was such an exhibition of simple elegance as that afforded by Count Pantouffles when he was going out to dinner. His clothes were so well made, his mustache was so black, his hair was so well brushed—he always wore it parted down the middle, and, listen all ye bald-pates, he had plenty of it. His shirt fitted so well—they always came from Paris, whither, whenever he wanted a new set, he went to be measured. Then it was so well washed. Hear that, ye washerwomen! And his neckcloth was so well tied, and his boots were so glossy, and his crush hat—seldom, alas! used for bowing, unless when he went to play or opera—yes, his crush hat, that, too, fitted him so well, though he often said it was the hardest thing to find a well-fitted Gibus. Altogether, he was a perfect picture of what a diplomatist ought to be in the nineteenth century; and there was not a lady's-maid in the land who would not have fallen in love with Count Pantouffles if she had seen him stepping into a hansom at eight o'clock, going out to dinner with his glass in his eye.

The first thing that Count Pantouffles did on entering the drawing-room was, of course, to make a bow to the lady of the house. It was not so grand an operation as his bow with the hat; and no doubt, had the usages of society permitted it, the count would have made his crush hat fly out with a start, put it on his head, and bowed his best bow to the lady; but, unfortunately, the original Count Pantouffles had omitted, in the first glory of his discovery, to secure for himself, from the Holy Roman Emperor, the everlasting hereditary right to wear his hat in all countries and societies. Had he only done that, we should have beheld our Count Pantouffles wearing a real beaver hat or a silk hat all through dinner, and so putting Turks, Persians, and Armenians, completely in the background. As it is, his descendants have lost that invaluable privilege, and society has been deprived of the advantage of seeing them bow at night as well as by day. As for the Turks, Persians, and Armenians, of whom we have spoken, it is well known that they never lift their caps from their heads; but what is the use of a diplomatist wearing a cap on his head, except to show the grace with which he can take it off and put it on again?

But to return. Count Pantouffles's in-door bow was dignified and stately; not a mere nod or bob, but an inclination of the body as well as a bending of the neck. It was exactly what a good butler would do when he announces the important fact that "dinner is served." And,

indeed, one of the puzzles of life, and one of those mysteries which belong to the outward show of things, is how to tell a really good, well-dressed butler from a guest at a banquet. To judge by their looks, many are the butlers who ought to take their place at the table, and many are the guests who, judged by the same criterion, ought to be butlers, only they would, we are afraid, hardly be fit for the place. We know one butler, indeed, of whom it is hard to say whether he looks most like a high-bred English peer, an Austrian general, or a first-class French diplomatist. It is quite a shock to our sense of outward propriety, and that worship of appearance which is our besetting sin, to think that behind our chair is standing this most finished gentleman, ready to pour out champagne to any lout who may be invited to the table, because he and his forefathers have vegetated on the same estate for centuries.

But to return to Count Pantouffles and to be done with him. Nothing can be more faultless than his behavior. He walks off with his allotted lady like a piece of cunning clockwork; but, before doing so, he shows signs of animation by looking into the glass, to see if his neckcloth is right, and his hair smoothly parted. If he could, he would stand there and perhaps die, like Narcissus, staring at his own face and forgetting his dinner. But the rest push him on in order of precedence, and he takes his seat in the dining-room. During the meal he says little, and eats a great deal; but what he says is ushered in by such a show of white teeth and such waxwork smiles, that the lady to whom he belongs pronounces Count Pantouffles charming, and tells all her friends the next day what a polished man he is.

After dinner, the count drinks little wine, and sighs for a cigar before he rejoins the ladies. It is his mission to be stared at, and to look at himself in the glass. For the rest, he is a very worthy member of society, and has few vices.

When the entertainment is over, if he does not go to a ball or a drum, he betakes himself again to the club, and is soon surrounded by his ardent admirers in the smoking-room. When his cigar is over, he walks home, if the night is fine; if it rains, he calls a hansom cab; and so at last his day is done, when his valet undresses him and puts him to bed, and Count Pantouffles passes the night in dreaming of a land where every one wears hats, and there is never-ending bowing.

Very different from Count Pantouffles was Mr. Beeswing. If the count represented the outer man—the perfect gentleman in his hat, and coat, and boots—Mr. Beeswing was the very image of the inner man. The one was like the case of a clock, and the other like its works. It was not that Mr. Beeswing was wanting in politeness, or that he neglected his dress; but, however well dressed he was, and however courteous he might be, you felt at once that he was not all manners—in other words, that there was something in him. It was often remarked that, when Count Pantouffles sat down to dinner, his occupation was gone. But it was then that Mr. Beeswing's reign began. While the count was simply eating and looking pretty, or uttering silly stuff to his neighbor, Mr. Beeswing was the light and life of the company.

"How I do like Beeswing!" said Lord Pennyroyal. "He always says what I was going to say, only he says it so much better."

Now, all the world knows that Lord Pennyroyal never would have said any thing like Mr. Beeswing's exquisite sayings. But that is not the point. It is that all that Mr. Beeswing said was so true and well timed, that he led people who never had an idea in their head to fancy, because he said something in so natural and easy a way, that they could have said it just as well, only he was half a minute before them, and so took the words out of their mouth. As a matter of course, Mr. Beeswing and the count met often in society, for very good but very different reasons. Every one wished to see how pretty Count Pantouffles could look; and every one wished to hear how witty and amusing Mr. Beeswing could be. They were good friends, though they really had not one conviction in common. How Mr. Beeswing spent the days before the 1st of June, 1870, is not recorded. But we may be pretty sure that he went out to dinner, and drums, and balls, as usual; that he said good things at the club and in the park; and, in fact, was just as great a favorite during those few days, as he had been any day for the last quarter of a century.

As for Edward Vernon and Harry Fortescue, they pursued that graceful idleness which so well became them. They only went once down to Pump Court, and then they only stayed a few minutes, because the weather was so fine. They looked in at the old chambers, and saw Grinditch, one of their fallow-faced fellow-pupils, deep in a

great deed written on fifty skins, involving no end of landed estate, and as dusty as Regent Street in March. "The very sight of it was enough to make a fellow sneeze," Harry Fortescue said. So they both hastened away, and were soon seen sitting on chairs in Rotten Row between one and two. Then for an hour it was nothing but "How do you do, Harry?" "How do you do, Ned?" and they bowed and bowed to ladies who passed by, as constantly, but, of course, not so beautifully, as the count, who might be seen not very far off them doing the same thing. After that they went down to the club, and had luncheon; and then they went to the Botanic Gardens or to Hurlingham, and wondered if the blue rocks liked it. Then they came back in a hansom, and went out to dinner, sometimes together, sometimes separately. But they generally managed to meet in the course of the evening; and, if they did not, they were sure to have a smoke together the last thing before they went to bed.

As for Colonel and Mrs. Barker, they remained as they were, still the same loving pair; and as for the Marjorams, it is not known how many times Mrs. Marjoram scolded her unhappy husband between the 23d of May and the 1st of June, but we may be quite sure that Mr. Marjoram caught it for no good cause once every day in the week at least.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE STORY OF A CHILD'S TOY.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

AT twilight on a cold evening, a tall old gentleman, having a wide collared coat, a black stock, a pair of worn and easy shoes, and a mass of gray hair upon his head, stood in the doorway of a decayed and aged shop, looking up and down the way in an attitude of expectancy.

Every thing within was under a pall of dust. There was a sun-dried painting in the window on the left hand to the door, a handful of dead flies on the sills, and a faded drapery of maroon cloth. The panes were small and old-fashioned. On the other side, in the other ill-conditioned window, were some sorry bunches of artist's brushes, a few boxes of colorless crayons, several cases of brass and steel instruments, measures, games, and toy water-colors.

The atmosphere had a smell of varnish and the aroma of India-ink combined. The shelves held various packages of material in the bulk, and stacks of canvases lumbered the narrow walls. A multitude of drawers, destitute of locks, were ranged behind a small and shabby counter, and upon nearly every thing in sight there had fallen a blight of mould and disuse.

Notwithstanding this, however, there were still some sharp bargains driven daily over a few tube-colors and patches of card-board, and the little jingling bell at the top of the door was not wholly apathetic.

Several highways were worn and polished in the general covering of dust by the one occupant of the place, who kept them clean to the very verge of the strongholds of dirt, and no farther. This peculiarity was, singularly enough, manifested in his dress. His habiliments were old and threadbare. They proved economy in its strictest sense, and he wore nothing which appeared to have ever been new. But his linen was perfect. It was fine, and always purely white. It proved him a gentleman. He wore high collars which flared up about his ears, and wore his wristbands turned back from his hands, as if he were about to spring at some sort of work with a very heavy implement, which, however, he never did.

His apartments were in the rear. First, a little parlor, where there was a fire and a small table, neatly set for his tea by a woman who had gone away through the court-yard. Further back still was his chamber. It was tidy beyond comparison. Its floor was supplied with rugs. It contained a single bedstead of iron, a brown wash-stand ornamented with brass, an old-fashioned mirror touched up with gilt, and a few small engravings hung upon the walls with slender strings. What was peculiar, was a sword hung beneath a soldier's cap, together with a sash and a government medal of bronze. They were placed so that the eyes of their possessor could rest upon them when he first roused up at daylight.

When younger, the old man had promised to be handsome. But he met a disaster. His wife did not meet it, but fled before it. He encountered it, struggled for a few years, and came out with white hair, a shrunken body, and shoulders considerably bent.

The sword, the soldier's cap, the sash, and the government medal of bronze, were witnesses to the disaster in question.

His sorrow overhung him with a deep and tender shade. The obscurity was not stormy, but was a sort of silent vapor which hid him from most people, and through which he never struggled to meet them again.

As we first saw him, he was acting out a quiet little part, under the influence of this most mournful presence, as he peered into the dusky street and listened to the dwindling hubbub of the thoroughfare near by.

He was anxious. Lights began to appear, the darkness to thicken, and the sound of travel to grow faint.

The moments passed, and a glow suddenly sprang up from a shop-window over the way. It startled him, and he straightened up.

He furtively examined a silver watch.

"Late," he said to himself, reflectively; "later than ever before." He again made the most of his eyes toward the left hand, and bent his head to listen for footsteps. "Yes, he is behind time, very much behind time; and, no doubt, it's his lessons. Some of those sub-masters have got at him and are clawing out the mistakes in his lines. He says he makes mistakes sometimes. I hate a sub-master."

He began to shiver in the night air. He waited a few moments more, and would unquestionably have waited an hour had he not been suddenly hailed by a cheerful voice from in front of the blazing light opposite.

He looked up quickly to see the form of a boy curiously *silhouetted* in the glare.

The figure stood chiefly upon one leg, swinging a book at the end of a strap. His clothing was a little short for him about the ankles and wrists, and also at the waist. He wore a jaunty uniform-cap, and carried one careless hand in a deep pocket.

The old man hastened to answer, which he did eagerly.

"Ah, Charlie, you're late—a very little late; the sub—"

"Yes, sir," was the loud reply, accompanied by a longer swing of the book. "Caesar, you know it always keeps me a little; I stumble as badly as ever."

"Poor boy!" was the response. "But you're coming to-night, Charlie? We're to have our punch to-night."

"I can't, sir. I'm sorry, very sorry; but it's Caesar-night with me, don't you remember?"

The cheery young student changed over to the other leg, as if nervous at having made a disappointment, and, as there was no immediate reply, and, in fact, a dead silence for some seconds, it appeared that there was some ground for his apprehension. Therefore, by way of amelioration, he added, after more violent swinging of his book, "I hope you're quite well, sir?"

"Quite well, my boy, quite well indeed. But you'll surely come to-morrow?"

"Yes, to-morrow; you know I like to come. Good-night, sir."

"Good-night, Charlie, good-night."

The boy moved off, stopping now and then to gaze in at the shop-windows, while the other watched him until he was lost to sight.

The spectacle was pregnant with thought for the old man.

"My God, how strikingly like him!"

The secret of the exclamation lay in the resemblance of this boy to his dead one. He had always coupled them in his mind, but to-night, in consequence of the obscurity perhaps, the two figures merged into each other. He beheld but one, and it distracted him.

He walked into his shop with his hands over his eyes.

The door closed sharply after him, and the vicious little bell jangled for some minutes, while he stood motionless, partly illuminated by a glow of light which came in through the dusty panes.

In time the fit vanished, but it left him paler than before, and a little infirm in his movements.

He looked about, and then fastened the door, and drew down the inner shades to the windows. He went back to his parlor.

Here he pushed the table closer to the fire, which burned brightly, and made some tea from a kettle on the grate and a caddy on a shelf. The perfume revived him, and he was awakened to the little scene of comfort.

His face gradually became softened, and a gentler flood of thoughts took possession of him. His eyes filled with tears, and there was a momentary convulsion of his lips. He sat down to eat. He went through with his meal slowly.

At the close of it he was wrapped in a dream. He was silent, motionless, happy.

Presently he began to murmur to himself. He sank down farther in his chair, and, holding his table-knife in his fingers before his eyes, he began to talk to it, now and then flourishing it a little by way of emphasis. He gradually lost himself.

"There is Yale, there is Harvard, there is Bowdoin, there is Amherst, there is Brown. But I incline, for some reason or other, to Harvard; I can't say why, but there it is, and to Harvard we will send him. 'Tis a pity that he has such a brute of a father, and that he hasn't a kind, fond mother—a Christian mother; though in that case, no doubt, she would be jealous, and try to get him away from me. Very likely, very likely; and, therefore, it may be as well that he has no mother after all. She would only interfere. Now, then" (a motion with the knife), "for the freshmen year we must give him his swing, if he wants it. He will want a wherry, no doubt, and pipes for his friends, and some velvet coats. I shall love to see him a collegian, and he will think a great deal of me, and speak about me to the fellows; I think they call them fellows. I sha'n't regret to see him roistering around, making himself happy and becoming a favorite. No doubt he will sing. Tenor, perhaps. Ah, what rollicking times we'll have on Saturday nights! Proud? He? Oh, no; handsome, gay, enchanting, if you like, but not proud, at least to me. But in his sophomore year there will come a change."

At this point the knife described a vigorous swoop in the air, as if cutting off, once and forever, all past weaknesses of the freshman, and the eyebrows came down with emphasis.

"Then he will awaken to the serious business of study, and devour every thing right and left. Perhaps he will grow a little pale, but a month's trouting somewhere will set him up again. By this time he will be permitted to wear a tall hat. Then he becomes an intolerable and airy junior. Intolerable to all but me. He will never—never be—my God, I hope he will never be intolerable to me!"

Such was the shock of the idea, that he had to wait a moment to recover.

"Then after that he rises to the full dignity of a senior. Ah, fancy him with a beard! It will be rather darkish in color. I fancy he will have a spread, with me at the head of the table. Then the generous boy will get upon his feet to say how I helped him, and they all will rapturously applaud me. As for him, who will then surpass him? He will be filled with all the beautiful thoughts of the world. His education will be superb. If he fancies the law, then the law it shall be. His splendid intelligence will raise him. People will flock to hear him plead. He will make them laugh, and then weep, and then tremble, just as he chooses. I can almost hear the crowd shout, and see them wildly throw up their hands and press about him when he has won some great cause. He will marry; he will be rich; he will own horses and lands, but never will he feel that my shabby old coat is a reproach. He will love it in the very midst of his glory and wealth. And I—"

In the midst of his ecstasy, something sharp broke upon his ear. It was a heavy coal which fell upon the fender.

It aroused him. He sat erect and glared savagely at it for a moment. His eyes travelled to the table with its few remainders of his scanty supper; to his mean box of coals; then about the sparsely-furnished room; then to his own person, protected so shabbily and so thinly.

His dream was shattered, his vision dispersed.

He sank back despairingly, and covered his face.

"Poor! poor! poor!"

The ugly words fell from his lips in broken whispers. The height he had climbed had made his fall disastrous, though he had felt something like it time and again. But this time it crushed him.

He began to weep.

"Oh, why am I not rich? Why am I forever struggling while others never wish nor want? If I could but get a little more than I have—a very little more—I could help him to be something in the world. He would grow up out of my hand while I watched over him and tended him. But I can't—I can't. I can give him nothing but a bare wish; and he could get that from the vilest of mankind. O Charley—Charley—poor Charley—darling boy!"

He was distracted. The revulsion was greater than ever before, and he nursed his pain with fancies alternately bright and miserable.

"Oh, I am so wretched, so useless! He will grow up and forget me, and go away. I shall be nothing. I may die alone."

He lay in an uncouth manner in his chair; half slipping from it, half resting in it.

His head lay upon his arms, his limbs were gathered under him, and his clothing was all astray and misplaced. His face and gray head were mostly concealed.

He passed an hour in this position.

Tortures of mind now and then made him shuffle his feet to and fro and clasp his arms together, while he murmured bitterly to himself, upbraiding fortune, the world, and God. The firelight was dim, and the silence began to silence him eventually. At intervals a childish sob would break from him, attesting a sorrow, even if it were not a manly one, and the monosyllables, "poor! poor! poor!" were not altogether stifled to the ear.

Presently, that is, later in the night, he became sensible, in a weak and undefined way, that something else was happening. It was hard for his scattered thoughts to piece themselves together and understand it. He raised his head and vaguely listened.

He roused himself and listened again. Then it occurred to him that his shop-bell was ringing. It was true. He therefore struggled up, surprised and angry at the interference.

Quite bewildered, he passed into the shop, rearranging his dress as he went. He walked slowly, sighing at every step. He looked through a round hole in the shutter.

The moon was up, but he could see nothing. He asked who was there. A cheery young voice briskly replied that it was a little girl, who wished to see him on business.

He undid the bolts, and looked out. He beheld a little girl of ten years standing close to the door, very well wrapped up, and with a white muffler around her neck.

Her face was pure and very beautiful. It was illuminated by the white moonlight. She was smiling.

He looked down and she looked up. This was something altogether new, and violently in contrast to what had been in the last few hours. Had it been something in consonance, he would have repelled it as interference, but this shocked him out of memory of what had passed. It possessed him. In a moment he became delighted. Then he found that he was afraid she had made a mistake. He spoke to her however, hoping this was not the case.

"Won't you come in, Mary?"

An expression of great astonishment at once crossed her face.

"Come in? Yes, I'll come in. But how did you know my name was Mary?"

She passed him and turned about as he bolted the door again.

He laughed, and replied, gayly:

"Oh, I imagined it. You look like a Mary. You could'n't have another name."

Here she laughed admiringly.

"How quick you are, to be sure! Well, it is Mary."

At this, there was great glee, and they became friends on the instant. They went into the back-parlor, he leading smartly, and she chattering like a magpie. He protested that he never heard of her or saw her before, which facts she declared made it wonderfully strange. She puzzled over it, and endeavored to make it out. But she suddenly reprieved herself.

"Bless me, I forgot that I came on a matter of business. How easy it is for one to forget business sometimes!"

She divested herself of her outer clothing, and, carefully spreading her skirts, sat down upon a stool facing the fire. The fire attracted her, for it was full of long flames; but she resisted them and commenced to talk.

"Now, in three words, I'm going to lay the case before you. By that means we shall start fairly. In my family there is my mother and my brother, and no one else. My brother is sick, and he can do nothing but cheer us up, which is a great deal sometimes. Then there is my mother, who works, when she is able, at sewing. But it is hard sometimes. I thought, and thought, and thought, what I should do. For a long time I couldn't make up my mind, but one day I did make it up, and I went to work and made something. I've got it in my pocket. That's the whole story. Short, isn't it? But there's a great deal in it, a great deal. Ah! but didn't my head ache until it was fit to crack and burst, and fly into pieces so small?"

She demonstrated this by knitting her brows, and by pinching her

thumb and forefinger together, and holding them out for him to examine. He was shocked, and shook his head; and then looked benignantly down upon her as she sat, with her elbows upon her knees, opposite to him.

He told her again that she really could have had no other name but Mary; for no one but a Mary could have such a full, white forehead, such an open eye, and such a sweet mouth; whereupon she replied that, if he properly understood the character of all the Marys, he would know that such talk was not at all to their liking.

He felt this to be particularly true of her, and grew somewhat de-
 erential.

She became enamoured of the glowing coals which he had spurred up, and grew oblivious of all about her for a little while. The eyes of her *vis-à-vis*, however, were bent upon her with an admiring and tender gaze.

He indefinitely coupled her with his Charley, either the Charley of to-day or another day, it did not matter which, so closely are they related in his affections, and moved on with them into a dim perspective. Such is the quick flight of his mind, that he goes a great distance into life with them, and sees them under that strange spell which develops in all men and women; under the bond of the promise; under the shade of troubles, and the light of pleasures; under a house-roof, and in the midst of children. He drops off from them somewhere along the road, he does not see precisely where, and even relishes the vision of their mourning for him.

It was swift dreaming, and also swift returning.

He came to himself with a shock, and seemed a little surprised to find the child there.

She too came back. Their eyes met. "Ah, to be sure!" she cried, wheeling herself resolutely about. "Let us get to the point. No doubt you are as impatient as you can be. You are after money." She shook her head and laughed, meanwhile fishing in her pockets. He stared at her hard. He felt reproached, and not a little uncomfortable.

She came to her errand directly by bringing from among the folds of her dress a small package, which she laid upon her lap.

"There it is. That's what I have done in all this long, long time. What a little lot it is, to be sure!" She looked at it rather doubtfully, and tossed it in her hand.

"But you can't guess what it is. You needn't try, for you can't. It took months of hard thinking, whole months. I puzzled frightfully, but these wretched wits did really manage to squeeze out something. Now guess."

He protested that he could not; he said it would be too much for him.

"Well, it's a—game!"

She stopped as if to give him time to fall off his stool with surprise.

"Astonished now, ain't you?"

"A game? Yes, really, I'm astonished."

She laughed at him heartily, and he greatly relished the sound of her voice. It set the old room in a glow, and penetrated the very marrow of his bones. It awoke him. She shook her fingers in his face. He liked that too. He found that even he was not above a little boisterousness. He began to enjoy himself. She went on to explain under what circumstances she conceived the idea, and to elaborate a description of those unhappy spurs which kept her at it. He listened, or pretended to.

Presently she came back to the game again.

"Now," she said, rather formally, "this is what is called, among youths, a round game. One may play with a single companion or twenty, or with as many as you happen to have in the house, it does not matter. I have played it with Tom, and I have played it with—a—
 with somebody."

"Somebody?"

"Yes, somebody," she replied, with a nod and a blush; "that came out before I intended it should, but still you will not feel hurt?"

Inasmuch as he appeared to be highly amused, it was not to be denied that he might escape very severe injury.

"Now the fact of the case is plainly this," she resumed, with the air of repeating a formula or a lesson, "the market is bare of a really good game. 'Authors' is very good, I may say very respectable and improving, but there is needed a good game, where you can laugh and joke, and that game I propose to supply." She drew a

long breath, as if about to take a plunge in very cold water. "And—and now I came to ask you to buy it of me."

"Buy it!"

She rushed on rapidly, as if to get in all her arguments before he committed himself to a negative:

"Just see how 'Authors' sold. Tons on tons, and when they are worn out families sent for more. That made fortunes for the publishers."

A serious and rather unpleasant expression crept over the face of the listener. His lips parted, and he fixed a stony gaze upon her. Then he slowly turned his ear toward her and toward the background.

"But ever so much depends on how you begin," she continued, impressing what she said with a motion of her thin forefinger. "You must do every thing in a splendid manner. You must have the cards made of the very best glazed board. You must have counters made of ivory. You must have the handsomest of boxes, and the most magnificent labels. And then you must spend a great deal of money in advertising. Lay out all your spare money in it. Send the game to fifty clergymen, ten weeks before Christmas, for nothing. And you must be certain to get it into the market by that time surely."

This was certainly an old head. The earnest face indorsed the tongue, and the thin, flexible voice indorsed the face. Anxiety was uppermost, but enthusiasm was not far behind.

"Now," she began again, with the same emphatic movement of the forefinger, "for the figures. Figures tell, so I am informed, and so I went around, all alone, into the shops and got some. Somebody put me up to it—ah! he's so very knowing." She was lost for a moment in silent admiration, but presently resumed:

"To begin with, the cost of good stock, good printing, trimming, and packing, will cost five cents per game, calculating on a thousand games. Cost of counters, we will say, bone if you like, six cents per game. They must be colored and white. Cost of box, with label and printed directions, three and one half cents per game, making fourteen and one half cents per game, laid down at the door of your shop. Advertising, expressage, and insurance, will cost one three cents more. Total, seventeen and one half cents per game. Now, that is the outside—the extreme."

The old man coughed, and looked at her, while she assumed a profound expression.

"After this comes the interesting part—the profits. Of course we can't afford to undersell anybody, and so I think we had better start out with the price of fifty cents at once. 'Authors' sells for fifty cents, and why shouldn't ours? But there is something more to come out. Let us call the retailer's commission ten cents per game, and the guaranty and loss by breakage etc., etc., two and one half cents more. Now, I think all that is quite fair, and it leaves you twenty clear cents per game to put in your pocket. Now, what do you think of that?"

She leaned back breathless, highly pleased to observe that her idea had taken root.

He withdrew his eyes from the wall, and gazed toward her with a severity which almost became an expression of wolfishness.

She soon perceived that he was not looking at her, and she brought him back to the subject with a rather nervous touch upon the arm.

"Come!" she exclaimed, with a forced blitheness. "How tall you look! Let us play a little; that will show you."

"Yes—yes," he replied, hastily, striking his hands upon his knees. "Let's play, Mary, by all means."

She extracted the cards from the bundle.

"There they are," she exclaimed, holding them up, "all pencil-marked and dog-eared! There are the white ones and the black ones, made from white and brown box-covers, for want of better—all written out, you see, all complete. There are the colored counters, cut in board, also for the want of better. Ah, what a labor, what a sad, provoking puzzle, you were, after all!"

She shook her curls reprovingly at the little pile, and touched the cards with something like a caress.

She dealt them with precision, and divided the counters with a devout air of business.

Then she instructed him in the game, he paying the closest attention. He reverently held the small cards fan-shape in his bony hands, and sat erect.

It was discovered that it was too dark to play with comfort, espe-

cially as the marks on the cards were somewhat blurred; so he proposed a light.

"A light?" she cried. "Oh, dear, no! It would spoil it. Sit down here on the rug, in the glow of the fire; that will be gay."

He hesitated, rather confused at the idea of making as compact a heap of himself as she presented; but finally, with great labor, he gathered his long legs under him, and awkwardly seated himself opposite her, while she laughed uproariously at the sight.

Then they go on, she explaining and gallantly leading out, and he following in the middle of a fog, with great precaution and care.

After a while, she got the grand drift of the game into his unmethodical head. After this, they got on much faster and better. Sometimes he wandered off, with his eyes directly upon her, and fumbled his cards over and over in an aimless way, until brought back again by a touch of her hand. Then he would get suddenly bewildered, and put his cards down at distressingly wrong times, which provoked laughter from her, and which required a great deal of setting right.

It pleased her mightily to hear him ask questions, and it was great enjoyment to see him in doubts about his policy.

They finished a game, in which he was beaten at all points. She pointed out his errors, which instruction he received very deferentially. They played another, in which he was victor by some few counts; and still another, in which he was again ingloriously put to flight.

During all this there ran, on her part, an undercurrent of somebody. The personage was not wholly repressible, and it appeared at various junctures, in the character of admirer, encourager, and perpetual enthusiast. The old man seemed to resent this at times, and to be on the verge of petulance at the continual overtopping of the name; but she was entirely oblivious of her danger.

For his part, on the other hand, the expression of wolfishness was not altogether absent. He overcame it by a struggle whenever he discovered that his abstraction had permitted it to form upon his face, thus arguing to the spectator that his urbanity was forced and unreal.

Still, notwithstanding this, the pretty Mary made a long headway upon his affection, and he more than once fetched up his picture of an hour ago, and passed out with her and Charley upon a blissful road full of all pleasures and delights.

The hour came for her to go. She leaped to her feet, and, seizing her wrappings, began to muffle herself up.

This being done, she put the game into his willing hand for him to look at and consider upon. Then she asked him some questions, with her head bent gayly upon one side, and her eyes full of anticipation.

"Now, truly and honestly, what do you really think? Isn't there a great deal of fun in it? Isn't it worth buying of me? Can't we make plenty of money between us? Piles on piles of money! Heaps of it! Say!"

She laughingly bent over and lightly touched him, and looked into his face. He glanced at her, and drew back a very little. Then he put his finger over his lips, and shook his head.

"It's dangerous, little girl. It is worse than gambling to touch it. There are plenty—thousands—of games floating about, ready to be snapped up, but they hardly ever are—in fact, almost never. They don't pay, Mary. I'd ruin myself to please you; but, really, I haven't any thing to ruin. But I'll think of it, Mary; I'll think of it, my dear."

He avoided looking at her, and was glad when she took her glance off. He then regarded her furtively. She was distressed and anxious. The ever-faithful somebody at once rose to her trembling lips.

"He doesn't think there's any thing like it, and he's very sensible," she murmured, softly; "and he'd take it himself, only he's a boy and is poor."

"Oh, he's a boy, is he?" asked the other, quickly; "and he's poor?"

"Yes," she returned, looking down at one of her nervous feet; "and he told me he was very sure that you'd encourage me, and—"

"Did he, indeed? Then he's a very presumptuous young man—a young man I know I should dislike, that I should like to pull the ears of."

A silence fell between them, and in the course of it her eyes filled and he again wandered off.

After a few minutes, she put out her hand for the game, but he detained it.

"No; I will look it over, Mary. I may give you a few dollars for it, a very few—perhaps, I say."

Rebuffed and chilled, she presently went away. Her pride was rudely shaken, and a heavy load lay upon her little heart.

He shut the door tightly behind her, as if fearing she might repent and demand her game from him, after all.

He then returned to his fire, now grown dim, with the wolfish expression fully in the ascendant. He shut his hands, he planted his feet, he sat perfectly upright.

It retired with him to bed and remained by him all night, and the thoughts which animated it kept him awake, looking upward at the ceiling in the dark.

Once they quitted him long enough to permit him to say, in a thick voice:

"Perhaps, Charley, perhaps! I want courage, dear boy; for I should have to risk all—all my little stock, my lease, and my old trumpery, which is very dear to me. I am trying to muster courage, that you may be learned and great, and also that I may buy it cheaper than it deserves; for it is bright, very bright—yes, wonderfully bright."

[CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.]

"GOOD-BYE, SWEETHEART!"*

A TALE IN THREE PARTS.—PART SECOND.

BY RHODA BROUGHTON, AUTHOR OF "RED AS A ROSE IS SHE," ETC.

CHAPTER V.—WHAT THE AUTHOR SAYS.

"If there is a thing in all this wide world that gives me the horrors," says Sylvia, with a little shudder, "it is mutton dressed lamb-fashion. I know my temptation lies in quite the other direction, to make a *grandmother* of myself!"

This is at luncheon, on the day succeeding the Dumb Scrambo; the friendly criticisms on the entertainment and the entertainers are being renewed and carried on with a spirit hardly less piquant than the sorrel-sauce that is flavoring the interlocutors' cutlets.

"Poor Harriet Webster! a white book-muslin frock—one can call it nothing else—and a pink sash, low, too, nowadays, when no one thinks of being *décolleté* except at a ball!"

"She only wanted a rattle, and to have her sleeves tied up with coral, to be the complete infant," says Lenore, laughing maliciously. "If she had thought of it, Mr. Scrope, you might have carried her in last night, instead of her brothers; she would have been several stone lighter."

"And the way she kept hoisting up those wretched little shoulders, too, to her ears!" says Jemima, putting in her oar. "I really trembled for the string of her tucker. I wonder her brother does not remonstrate!"

"Pooh!" cries Lenore, carelessly. "I do not suppose that he knows whether she has any shoulders, or any tucker either—brothers never do!"

A little pause while the first sharpness of hunger is appeased; then Lenore recommences:

"What bushy black brows your lady had, Paul! Poor fellow! I did pity you; and they met so amicably in a tuft on the top of her Roman nose!"

"I did not think much of Miss Jemima's friend," says Scrope, laughing; "he looked as if he had been run up by contract—hands like feet, and feet like fire-shovels."

"And his wife?" says Jemima: "did you see her? No?—a little buncy thing, who never says any thing but 'Fancy!' and, if you are very intimate with her, 'Just fancy!'"

"Then, like her, I cannot imagine why," says Sylvia, languidly, "she has a way of looking down her nose."

"Paul, why don't you speak?" cries Lenore, with a pout. "We have all said something clever; it is quite your turn."

"Is it?" says Paul, lazily. "Mine is a long time hatching; it will come presently; but, you see, you do not know any of my best friends; so it will lose all its point, I am afraid."

* Continued from page 597.

"I am sure we have not said any thing that was not perfectly good-natured," says Sylvia, with an air of injured innocence; "and, as to that, I have no doubt we are quite quits. I dare say they have made quite as many comments on us—not that they can say we are *décolleté*—as we have on them."

A diversion is here effected by the depravity of Tommy, who, being dissatisfied with his dinner, insists on saying, "Thank God for my hasty pudding!" instead of the authorized form of thanksgiving. He is instantly degraded from his high chair, and borne off wriggling like an eel, and kicking the footman's shins.

"Let us go out," says Lenore, laying her hand on her lover's coat-sleeves, as she passes out of the dining-room. "Let us go into the wood. I love a wood in winter. I love kicking the dead leaves. If you are good, you shall kick them too."

Five minutes later she has joined him as he stands in the wintry garden puffing at his pipe.

"Wait a minute!" she cries, her eyes flashing gleefully. "Look at the children going out walking. Did you ever see any thing so be-comforted and be-gartered? I must run and knock their hats over their eyes!" She springs away from his side, and in two seconds is back again. "It is such fun!" she says, breathlessly; "it makes them hate one so!"

And now they are in the wood; above them the high brown boughs meet in wintry wedlock; each little pine-twigg, no longer hid by leaf-age, asserts itself, standing delicately out against the softly-travelling, sad-colored clouds beyond. Underneath all the trees dead children lie heaped; there is no wind to stir them. There they lie! One can hardly tell one from another now—the horse-chestnut's broad fan, the beech's pointed oval, massed together in one bronze-colored death. They are over Lenore's ankles, as, with all the delight of a child, she ploughs through them, kicking them up, laughing, and insisting that her lover shall kick them too.

"What a good smell they have when one stirs them up!" she cries; "something half-pungent! Smell, Paul, smell!" Paul obeys, and stands docilely inhaling the autumnal odor. "And now," she says, clasping her two hands round his arm, leaning a very considerable weight upon him as they again pace slowly onward, "talk a great deal. I seem hardly to have heard your *real* voice yet; yesterday was all church and plum-pudding and scolding, and to-day we have done nothing but dissect the Websters. Talk! talk! talk!"

"How can I talk?" he says, laughing. "You will not let me get a word in edgeways."

"Tell me all about every thing," she says, comprehensively. "Begin at the beginning, like a story—at the very moment you stepped off the Dinan boat—letters go for nothing. Were you very sea-sick? I believe you were, though you would not own it."

"Frightfully, since you insist upon it," replies Le Mesurier, with a mendacious smile. "I lay on deck on the small of my back, with a livid face, praying for shipwreck—that is the right feeling, is not it?—while, to add to my sufferings, everybody kept stumbling over my legs."

"And when you got home," continues the girl, eagerly, taking this statement for what it is worth, "were they all very glad to see you? Did they all rush out to the door to meet you?"

"The butler came out, I believe; I do not think that even he ran; certainly no one else did."

"And when they saw you" (speaking very rapidly), "how did they look? Did they look odd? What did they say to you?"

"Oh, I don't know; much the same as they always say—nothing different—why should they? they did not know any thing then; they said, 'Oh, here you are!' or something equally brilliant; and my father said: 'For God's sake, do not touch me! I have got it in both hands.' He meant the gout."

"And then you kissed them all," says Lenore, a little envious at this part of the programme. "Do you kiss your father? Some grown-up men do."

"Do they?" replies Paul, grimly. "How very unpleasant for both parties! No; I do not, certainly."

"And—and was there no one there besides just your own people—just your father and sisters?" asks Lenore, with wily suavity.

"My cousin, of course" (with a tone of airy nonchalance).

"And" (laughing not quite so easily as before)—"and what was she doing?"

"My dear soul" (with slight symptoms of impatience), "it is six months ago; how the mischief can I remember?"—then, seeing her countenance fall a little—"stitching, I fancy; making a flannel petticoat for some old woman."

"Which she ostentatiously thrust into a cupboard the moment you appeared," says Lenore, sarcastically, turning down the little red corners of her mouth—

"Did good by stealth, and bled to find it fame."

Paul lets this thrust pass in silence.

"And did you bring me on the *tapis* that night, or did you keep me till next morning?" (looking anxiously up in his face).

"I kept you for several days," he answers, smiling—"very much against my will, I can tell you; but I knew that as long as it remained in his hands, there was no use broaching the subject."

"But the girls had not the gout!—you told them, did not you?" (with great animation).

Paul looks down, and his expression is embarrassed.

"Yes," he says, slowly, "I did."

"And showed them my photograph?"

"Ye—es."

"I hope you told them that my hair was not so dark as it looks there" (very anxiously). "Did not they think it pretty? Did not they say what a good figure I must have?"

"I dare say they would not have thought it polite to make personal remarks about you to me," Paul answers, looking thoroughly confused; "and they never *are* girls to say civil things, don't you know?"

Lenore puts up one dog-skin-gloved hand and hides her mouth; it is the mouth that, in its altered and quivering lines, betrays mortification most.

"Did not they—did not they say *any thing*?" she asks, in a blank voice.

"They looked at the name of the photographer on the back," he answers, with a smile of recollected annoyance, "and said, 'Oh, yes; he was a good man, they knew.' I remember *that*, because it made me so savage."

"And—and your *cousin*—what did *she* say?"

"She was not there."

"But—but when you told her you were going to be married—what did she say *then*?"

"Pshaw!" cries he, impatiently, reddening slightly. "What extraordinary questions you do ask! What can it matter to you or me either what she said? She said the—usual thing, I suppose" (turning his head half-way, and viciously knocking a big fungus-head off with his stick).

"I do not believe a word of it!" cries Lenore, in a fury. "Why do you hate talking about her? Why do you always slide away from the subject when I lead to it? You do not *look* as if you were telling truth! I believe she—she—she—wanted to marry you herself."

Sometimes the innocent wear the pale livery of guilt, by some ingenious freak of Nature. At this audacious statement Paul certainly looks whiter than his wont.

"You are talking nonsense," he says, brusquely; "childish, unladylike nonsense," and, so speaking, he drops her arm, and stalks on by himself.

She rustles after him through the dead leaves, half penitent, half suspicious, till they reach a stile that gives egress from the wood into a meadow—a December meadow—a very different matter from one of June's buttercup gardens—a meadow flowerless, gray-colored, and drenched. There, having overtaken him, she lays a hand on each of his arms.

"Why *will* you insist on rousing my devil?" she says, impulsively. "Do you do it on purpose? I do not know whether other women have a devil, but I have, I know."

"It is so remarkably easily roused," he answers, dryly.

"There is not a *gooder* woman in the world than I am sometimes," she continues, naively. "Why will not you let me always be?"

"Let you," he repeats, laughing, a little ironically, but looking down with a mollified expression at her repentant, fond face, freshened by the cool, moist wind. "I am sure I do not know what I do to hinder you; I wish to Heaven you would be!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LE POURSUIVANT D'AMOUR.

IMARVEL much what name of all the names
Love reckons in his mystic alphabet
Is sweetest to Love's ears?—its amorous claims
The hardest to forget?

Turn back the leaves of Love's fair Calendar;
Red-letter days enough, I trow, are there;
Names canonized 'neath many a moon and star,
Baptized with smile and tear.

Yolandi, Iseult, imperial Guinevere;
Fair Rosamond; and, dearer yet than these,
The wisest pupil of the wisest seer,
Immortal Heloise.

Ay, and those, too, in older story writ:
Rachel and Leah; Rixpah's wasted youth;
The queenly Esther, and, with face faith-lit,
Naomi's gentle Ruth.

They whom the Master's perfect art hath kept
Forever young: Ophelia, fair and good;
Sad Desdemona; and those twain who slept
In Puck's enchanted wood.

Juliet, Miranda, Perdita; and she
Who, wandering through Arden's leafy shade,
Saw "Rosalind" carved on each smooth-bolled tree
Where'er her footsteps strayed.

Hero and Beatrice; snow-pure Imogen;
False, fickle Jessica; and "sweet Anne Page;"
And she who bore, not answering again,
Her cruel sisters' rage.

These hath Love loved in dear days gone by;
But surely still, wherever soft cheeks burn
And bright eyes droop, his pinions hover nigh
For those who can discern.

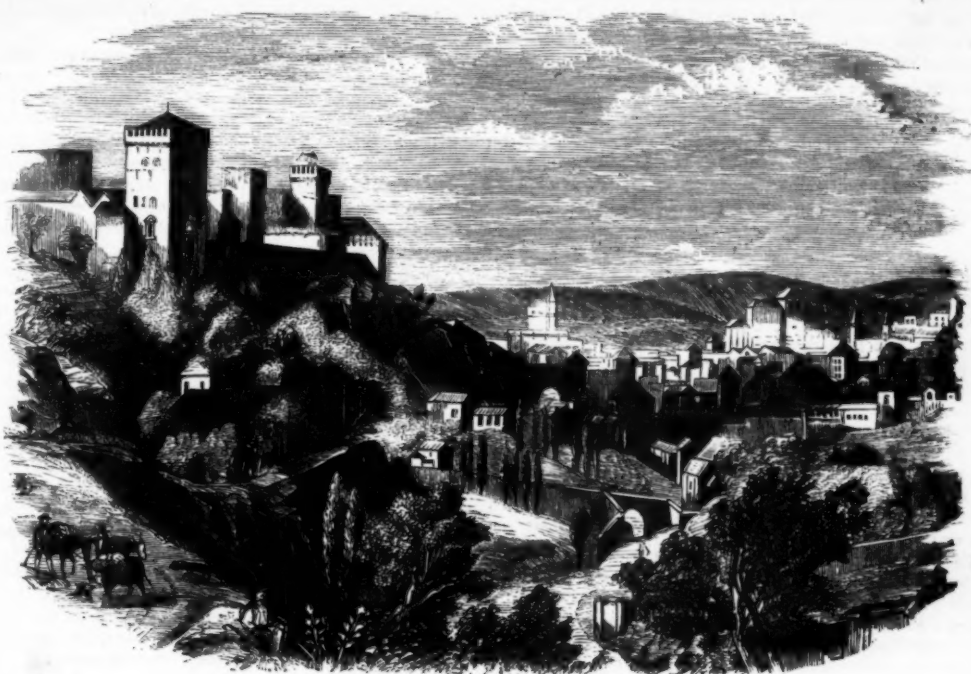
And still he weaves his webs of fond conceit
About soft syllables of gentlest sound;
And still the old names on his lips are sweet
Through the whole charmed round.

Still to our hearts "si douce est Marguerite;"
Still Helen smiles, and all our sharp woes cease;
Still Kate is tamed and kiased—through full defeat
Winning her perfect peace.

And still we ask: "What name of all the names
Love reckons in his mystic alphabet
Is sweetest to Love's ears?—its amorous claims
The hardest to forget?"

And still the answer comes wherever eyes
Meet eyes through all the fair earth far and near,
And still to each but one name Love replies:
"Go ask—and you shall hear."

BARTON GREY.



GRANADA AND THE ALHAMBRA.

A GLIMPSE OF THE ALHAMBRA.

FOR forty years past, since the days of Washington Irving's romantic sojourn in the Alhambra, Granada has been a sort of American property, and yet those of his countrymen who go to visit their inheritance, their veritable "château en Espagne," are comparatively very few. We were determined to be no longer of the number. Finding ourselves at Cadix, after a railroad trip from the north, we availed ourselves of the good steamer *Africaine*, of the line called *Les Messageries Impériales*, bound to Malaga, and stopping at Tangiers and Gibraltar. Our tickets were two hundred and twenty reals each, fare and all things included; and at five p. m. on the 11th of May we hoisted anchor and were off for Africa.

When I awoke in the morning, and looked through the port-hole of the state-room, I saw rising, like an amphitheatre, the dirty little Moorish town from which, eleven hundred and fifty years ago, Tarik el Tuerto had set out, under orders from Musa Ben Noseir, to conquer the green island of Andalus. We had reached it in six hours, and had been swinging to our anchor in the offing until morning. It is no part of my purpose to describe our visit. The coast is so shallow that the boat which took us ashore could not reach the land. So each of the ladies was seized by a stalwart Berber, and borne trembling to land. My greater bulk inspired two, who balanced me over the Mediterranean in most uncomfortable fashion. Then, followed by an importunate crowd, we found refuge in the Victoria Hotel, which is kept by a negro; and, after a miserable breakfast, we set out to see this little type of all Oriental towns. A tall and handsome Mohammed, with *haik* and turban, bare legs and arms, and red slippers, took us through the market-place and bazaars, where we saw crowds of the filthy faithful, and women mantled, all except the eyes, who, however, contrived, when not observed by their own people, to drop the mantle, exposing not only face but bosom, and smiling sweetly upon the infidel. So much for Tangiers.

At noon we were off again for Gibraltar, following the track of Tarik into the bay of Algeiras, and at four o'clock we had shot with the mole, and were soon at the landing-place. Of course, we "did" the "Rock," climbed to the galleries on donkeys, drank bitter-beer at the signal-tower, saw Sir Richard Airey, the governor, in the Ala-

meda, where the bands were playing; witnessed a parade and guard-mounting, every soldier looking like a fine lobster straightened by a ramrod; and then the next evening we left that historic rock, which has been more scorched with blazing gunpowder than any other fortified eminence in the world, and were skimming over a summer sea, as smooth as a fish-pond, until five in the morning, when we cast anchor in the harbor of Malaga.

Delay on the part of the custom-house officer caused us to miss the 6.20 train, but we passed a day agreeably in that notable city, and the next morning were off for Granada, in company with two English officers who had come aboard at Gibraltar. Kind and courteous gentlemen they were, and they have the grateful acknowledgments of my daughters and myself for their good company and civil attentions.

Our route now lay on the railroad from Malaga to Cordova, which we followed about one-third of the distance, to a little town called Bobadilla. This part of the journey is through really sublime Alpine scenery—huge, bare peaks, immensely long tunnels, overhanging cliffs, and deep abysses. At Bobadilla another railway branches off to the right toward Granada, but is only finished as far as Archidona. Thence a four-hours' diligence ride takes the traveller to Loja, from which there is rail again to Granada. The diligence and the road! No one who has not seen them can fancy what they are like, how uncomfortable, how fatiguing! The diligence is a little omnibus, with a gig in front called a *berlina*; it is drawn by eight horses and mules, and is provided with a conductor, a driver, a postilion, and a whipper. The whipper runs alongside of the beasts, lashing, swearing, shouting, screaming, singing, and calling them names, which would be intensely vulgar in English, but are quite decent in Spanish. As for the road, the Spaniards themselves call it *un camino abandonado*, and the reason is that, as the completion of the railroad is contemplated, it would be folly to repair the road; while, however, on the other hand, as the diligence-road is there, they need not hurry to complete the railroad. The route is suggestive of danger to an active fancy. As the vehicle toils up a steep, barren hill, or enters a gloomy grove, one almost expects to see, starting up in front, some of those hidalgos of the highway so familiar to us in Spanish stories; but, when it seems

most probable, two or three of the *guardia civil* loom up against the sky, and dispel all concern. This civil guard, by-the-by, of picked men in neat uniforms, are stationed along all the roads in Spain, and are in all respects the best men I saw in that unsettled country. Four hours of this novel misery, and we found ourselves at Loja, the *Lauxa* (meaning *guardian*) of the Arabs, like most other Spanish-Arabian towns, decayed, green, lazy, and fertile. It lies in a narrow valley, and is, or at least was, in the old time, strategically one of the keys to Granada, the guardian of its *vega*, or plain. It was delicious, after that abominable diligence-ride, to find ourselves again in the cars, and we soon entered and went bowling along into the magnificent *vega* of Granada, a rich and picturesque plain, thirty miles long by twenty-five wide, bounded by mountain-ranges, and realizing Johnson's fancy of the peerless valley of the Amhara. All kinds of human interest, past and present, seem to converge there. It was for centuries the battle-field of two dissimilar races; every peak and stream is full of romance; it teems with the richest vegetation; white roads checker the green surface; rivers and canals glisten everywhere. It was on a bright Sunday morning that we saw it, and the scene was more than usually striking: the people in their holiday attire thronged the roadside at the little stations; there were the *majos*, fine-looking men, in velvet jackets of various colors filled with gold lace or silver flagee, red sashes, pink-silk neckerchiefs, felt hats of a turban pattern, spatter-dashes and shoes of russet leather, covering handsome legs and feet. Beside them were the *majas*, women with clear olive skins, great dark eyes, and forms of faultless symmetry, either fairly displayed by tight-fitting bodices, or scarcely concealed by graceful *sayas*. Amid the clumps of curious trees, or alongside of the hedges of aloes and figs, were braying donkeys or lithe-limbed Barbary horses. These formed a very novel and pleasing picture. We passed Santa Fé, that marvel of city-building, finished by extraordinary expense and labor in eighty days by Ferdinand and Isabella; they were pushing the siege of Granada with great vigor when their camp was suddenly burned, and Santa Fé was erected to shelter their troops. At Santa Fé, too, the final capitulation was signed. At length the hills upon which Granada sits came into view, a broken, tapering spur of the Sierra Nevada; and the towers of the Alhambra rose, like an old acquaintance, to one who had read Prescott and Irving. Behind were the peaks of Mulahasan and Pelota, covered with snow, and lending the only needed charm in the combination of contrast between the green earth and the deep blue of the sky. The scene changed constantly; the outlines were rapidly filled in as we approached, and at length the engine slackened its speed, and we were at the station, in two hours from Loja.

Formerly, until very recently, indeed, the only hotels at Granada were in the heart of the city, lying around the base of the Alhambra; and tourists were taken to the Fonda de la Alameda or the Fonda de la Victoria. These still exist, but, since the establishment of two fine hotels—as good, indeed, as any in Spain—within the grounds of the Alhambra, the city inns are quite deserted, and everybody goes to the Siete Suelos or the Washington Irving. We went to the former, by special recommendation of friends, and I found the ancient Moorish tower of the Siete Suelos (the seven stories) within twenty feet of my bedroom window. Tired, but delighted to be there, we felt first like resting, to realize that, after the dream of a lifetime, we were really in the Alhambra.

This famous structure, famous in history, legend, and song—*kal' al al hamera*, the red castle—so called from its prevalent color—is at once a fortress, a palace, and a garden of delight; a city set on a hill, a little world in itself; long the heart of a fading nationality; the point where culminated an ethnic history of a thousand years, and where yet a mournful twilight lingers and pulsates like streamers of the northern lights. The fortress, marked by a high wall flanked with numerous towers, occupies the hill-crest, which is more than two thousand feet in length by seven hundred in breadth. On the right as you ascend, occupying the slope of the hill, are the gardens, laid out in *paseos*, broad drives, and walks; while at the foot of the precipitous slope, on the left, flows the Darro, on its way through the city to join the broader and more ambitious river Genil.

The gardens should rather be called a grove; for the Duke of Wellington, to whom the Spanish Government had presented the neighboring estate of the *Soto de Roma*, sent and caused to be planted in the Alhambra gardens eight thousand English elms, which have grown to great height, and now form natural arches over the roads

and walks. Some tourists think them an incongruous element; I can only say that to my eye they were extremely picturesque, and compared nobly with the other features of the place.

I propose to say nothing of the fortress, the forms and dimensions of which a glance at the accompanying projection will fully display. Picturesque elevations are very common, but the best notion is given to the reader by a ground-plan. The objects of the erection were, doubtless, to command the city and serve as a citadel, to keep the enemy out, and to keep the women in, like nuns. One cannot but suppose, as he views the very plain and common exterior, as compared with the matchless interior, that something was designed by way of contrast between the rude, unembellished *tapis* walls and the Mohammedan paradise within.

As the omnibus from the station toiled up the broad ascent under the tall and overarching elms, we felt as if we had entered into a fairy-land, in which the beautiful Nature around us was the fitting entrance and threshold to the rare historic art of which we had read and heard so much. Our hotel arrangements made, the first thing to be done was to seek out old Bensaken, the well-known guide—almost as well known to tourists, indeed, as the Alhambra itself—a man who was there in the days of Washington Irving, and whose Moorish blood comports well with the scenes which he describes. He was not Irving's guide; all readers of the "Tales of the Alhambra" will remember that his ragged *cicerone* was Mateo Ximenes; but Bensaken knew Irving, and, although he was not born on the spot, he may well claim to be one of the *hijos de la Alhambra*, the only one perhaps now left.

The first visit, of course, after obtaining a permit from the captain-general, was the stereotyped one. We entered through the Gate of Justice, and stopped to note the hand carved upon the key-stone of the outer arch. This gate-way is in a tower, forty-seven feet by sixty-two. Here the Moorish governor administered daily justice, in Oriental fashion—a sort of drum-head court-martial, just, rapid, and rigorous. Upon the lintels and bases of the marble columns, built by Yusuf I., are pious inscriptions to Allah; and the hand itself is intended to typify the five fundamental doctrines of Islam. On the key-stone of an inner arch is a *key*, which is either the symbol of a pontifical power to open and shut the gates of paradise, or a talisman against that ubiquitous *evil eye* which even Mohammedan fatalism seeks to escape from. Passing out of the tower, we see the first Christian design, in the form of a rude picture on the wall of the Virgin and Child, said by a pious credulity to be the identical portrait painted by St. Luke. All I can say is, that, if the art powers of the gifted evangelist are to be judged by this and the image in the Church of the Atocha at Madrid, he was a better gospeller than artist. We were next confronted by the more modern palace of Charles V.—a blemish, and a most incongruous one, on that Moorish summit. The visitor is glad, at least, that the powers of Nature conspired against this Tuscan enormity. It was begun in 1526, and made slow progress, spasmodically, for a hundred years, when a succession of earthquakes, and want of money, caused its final abandonment in its unfinished state. On a square of two hundred and twenty feet, it has three fronts, and within is an immense *patio*, probably designed for bull-fights on a small scale, or perhaps for a parade-ground, or an *ando-de-fé*, or some other pleasant amusement. But, finished or unfinished, it is an eye-sore to all but blue blood; it blocks the principal entrance to the palace of the Moors, and, when Spain awakens once more from her moral catalepsy, it will surely come down, as the first step in a general restoration and restitution.

By a little door in a corner, since the great entrance is thus obstructed, we entered, through a low threshold, into the first Moorish court—the Court of the Myrtles, one hundred and seventy by seventy-four feet. In the centre, for nearly the whole length, is a tank, now filled with gold-fish, but originally used as a swimming-bath for the ladies of the harem; on each side of the tank is a well-kept hedge of myrtle-trees; and all around the court is a portico, sustained by slender columns of alabaster and horseshoe arches, covered with rich arabesques. In the four corners are niches, in each of which stood a guardian eunuch, who kept out all unhallowed glances while the ladies laved their beautiful persons in the bath. Above the portico are the grated windows of their apartments. The Moorish name of the court is that of the Fish-pond (*Al-berkeh*)—in Spanish, *la Alberca*.

Passing to the left, at the upper end of the court, we were ushered,

into the *Sala de los Embajadores*, the Hall of the Ambassadors, to most visitors the favorite hall in the palace: this is in the tower of Comares. An exact square of thirty-seven feet, it rises seventy-five feet to the centre of the ceiling; the wall is full of the richest tracery, while around the floor the *azulejos*, or gaudy tilings, rise in a rich wainscoting. Imitation stalactites depend from the ceiling, and, interwreathed amid the tracery, are passages from the Koran. The centre window, overlooking the Darro from the edge of the steep descent, was probably that from which Ayesha, in maternal terror, let down the always unfortunate Boabdil in a basket to save him from the hands of an unnatural father's step-mother; although here let me say that I never saw in Europe a castle on a steep summit, from which some child had not been lowered for a similar reason—it always introduces such a nice little bit of drama into the sober history.

Retracing our steps through the Myrtle Court, and passing under the double portico in front, we entered, with a new and charming sensation, the *Patio de los Leones*, the Court of Lions, the finest court of Moorish work in the world, beautiful in design and architecture, full of eloquent poetry and silent history. Familiar as it is to every reader, neither description nor design prepares one for its charms. One hundred and twenty-six feet long by seventy-three wide, with galleries occupying twenty-two and a half feet around the whole extent, the peristyle is supported by one hundred and forty slender alabaster columns, some standing singly, and others in graceful groups; these support a profusion of horseshoe arches, carved and fretted, and form together an enchanting court; there is no grandeur, no massiveness, but all is extremely delicate and beautiful. In the middle of the court are twelve lions, standing out from a common centre, and supporting a large alabaster basin, capped by a second and smaller one, into which the water falls when the fountain is in play. Those who object that the lions are rudely carved, do not reflect that they are not designed as imitations, but merely as heraldic symbols; it may be added that, although they were placed there in the later Moorish times, they are the work, not of Moors, but of Christian captives. This court has been restored, but only in the decorations; the main features are identically the same. Indeed, it is wonderful that, in the Christian rage against the infidel, in the passion for rebuilding in a totally different taste, and in the ravages of the later French conquests under Sebastiani, so much of the original work has been left uninjured. It should not remain unmentioned that the only destruction made by Napoleon's soldiers there was the blowing up of some of the towers, and injuring the work as a defensive fortification. The roofs, indeed, are of modern tiling, rather incongruous with the Arabian architecture of the courts, but the courts and halls remain to show what the Moors did and what they left; and even a sluggish fancy finds itself conjuring back turbaned men and graceful women clothed in flowing *sayas*, and listens, spellbound, for the strange language, of the former time. It is not Europe, but the Orient; not Spanish Granada, but Damascus or Bagdad. I sat down on the edge of the tank in the Court of Myrtles, and my ear, mastered by the *genius loci*, heard murmurs from the latticed windows of the seraglio in the surrounding galleries, and caught the shrill, sharp tones of the eunuch guards, warning off all intruders. As I entered the Hall of the Ambassadors, I looked to see the monarch on his *dais*, and felt, crowding behind me, deputies and envoys, ready to prostrate themselves before this human "lord of life and keeper of the grave." Amid the graceful clumps of tree-like pillars in the Lion-Court, the shadowy forms of the thirty-seven nobles of the Abencerrages seemed to pass into the graceful hall to contribute their spouting blood to the waters of the marble fountain, and to leave the stains as a legacy of romance in all future time. Nor did it require any great stretch of fancy, as we stood in the dressing-room of the sultana, *el tocador de la reyna*, to imagine her standing among the mysteries of the toilet, while streams of perfumed incense poured up through innumerable orifices in the floor, to fill every fold of her drapery with sweet odors.

From what has been said, the reader will readily understand that the Alhambra awakens in the visitor no emotion of the sublime; nor is it the sense of beauty unalloyed which possesses his mind: it rather seems to realize his childish dreams and earliest visions of fairy-land; it is like the "Arabian Nights" in the lotus-eating recollection of Tennyson—

"When the breeze of a joyful dawn blew free,
In the silken sail of infancy,
The tide of time flowed back with me—
The forward flowing tide of time."

There is so much of poetry and romance, that, on the spot, one feels disposed to ignore history, and yet a few landmarks in the history are necessary in order to prepare the *nidus* for our sentiment.

Some of the towers of the fortress were erected as early as the year 865, in the palmy days of the caliphate of Cordova, when the Spanish Arabs had refused to acknowledge the sway of the Eastern caliphs. From that time it grew slowly; new towers were added; the wall was made to enclose the summit; the mosque was built; the plazas laid out, and even parts of the palace erected.

When the kingdom of Cordova had been broken up and absorbed by the relentless Spaniards, that of Granada was established as tributary to the Christian kings, and Ibnu l'Ahamar, the king, began to build the present palace in the middle of the thirteenth century; but it was not finished, in all its parts, until another hundred years had passed, and Yusuf was king. From his time the Alhambra remained the same, except a few embellishments, to the days of Boabdil, called *el Chico* (the Little), and *el Zogoybi* (the Unlucky), when it fell into ruthless Christian hands.

The new buildings, since erected, are entirely incongruous with the old, and the chief restoration for centuries was whitewash, covering alike the gorgeous colors of arabesque work, and the gilded pillars of the courts.

The great local festival in Granada is the anniversary of the capture of the city by Ferdinand and Isabella, on the 2d of January, when dark-skinned and black-eyed descendants of the Arab-Moors celebrate their shame amid the crashing of military bands and the plashing of fountain-waters, and when the silver-tongued bell in the Torre de la Vela rings out, clearly sounding through the vega, even to Loja, thirty miles away, and promising to all maidens, who go up and strike it on that day, a good husband before the year rolls away.

Real restorations have been for some time in progress, and the manes of the ill-fated kings of Granada must rejoice that the right man has been found to reproduce their ancient splendor. Don Rafael Contreras, in whom are combined the artist, the poet, and the antiquarian, has already, in some portions, removed whitewash, repaired broken and defaced traceries, and given exactly the original colors to what remained, and what he has added; so that the Myrtle Court, and several of the halls, shine in the primitive colors of blue, red, yellow, and gold, interwreathed and blended into a woof of which the threads seem to be a thousand rainbows.

I have, of course, merely mentioned only a few of the principal parts of the Alhambra; to exhaust its beauties would require a volume. The next day we visited the *Generalife*, not, as its name might seem to indicate, a general's palace, but *Jennatus l'Arif*—the garden of the architect—a handsome summer-palace, separated from the Alhambra by a ravine. It was originally presented by one of the kings to his son, and now, by a strange series of circumstances, it is the property of the Grimaldi-Gentili family, of Genoa. Its trimly-clipped gardens are kept as in the olden time, but, except a few fine Moorish chambers, it has been greatly altered and modernized; the best thing in it is a piazza, or *mirador*, from which there is a splendid view of the valley and the Darro, with the Alhambra thrown out in bold relief.

The Alhambra is the transcendent glory of Granada, and yet there are some things in the city itself worthy of notice, to which I can only allude, however, at this time. In the large cathedral with its white interior is full of saints and monarchs; one equestrian figure of San Jago, the patron of Spain, prances out of the wall as if ready to defy all enemies. The sanctity of the place is indicated by phecads which declare all men who enter it in company with women, or who speak to a woman there, excommunicated. Old Bensaken, the guide, called our attention to them, with a chuckle, adding that he and all *cicerones* were in that category of condemnation. "I could get a dispensation, if I chose," said he, "but I am so liberal a Christian that I am willing to live and die under the ban." In the Capilla Real, or Royal Chapel, are really magnificent Italian monuments of Ferdinand and Isabella, and of mad Joanna and her husband; but far more striking and impressive than these reclining figures is the crypt below, in which are the leaden coffins containing their mortal remains; these brought us very near to them; and the moral effect was enhanced when we saw in the adjoining sacristy their crowns and sceptres, and the box which had contained the jewels sold by the good queen to send Columbus on his glorious voyage.

The time of our departure came too soon. The evening before we

were to leave we walked up, for the last time, to the fairy palace on the hill above us, realizing, with a change of name, Sir Walter's lines, so applicable, indeed, to all old-time structures, once peopled but now deserted:

"He who would view the Alhambra aright,
Must visit it by the pale moonlight."

Then, it is not deserted; it is really peopled; the past has returned; figures flit across the tender glare into the shades of portico and hall, and their white robes still glimmer in the darkness. We waved them a silent farewell and returned to the hotel to arrange for the morrow's journey.

Once more we flew along the vega, and, if we had no tear to shed with Boabdil as we passed the *cuesta de las Lágrimas*, we gave a last sigh with him at the place of *el último suspiro*. We passed the hill of Parapanda, of which it is written:

"Cuando Parapanda se pone la montera,
Llueve aunque Dios no lo quisiera,"

which may be rendered in equal doggerel:

"On Paranda, when the cloud sits low,
The rain falls whether Heaven will or no."

Again at Loja; horrible jolting in the diligence, which, however, was considerate enough not to break down, as it generally does twice a week; through Cordova and Madrid, and so northward into France; but, before or after, we saw no spot so attractive, so novel, so *satisfying*, as the Alhambra at Granada. When the committee of ways and means report favorably, we mean to make up a gay party and go again, when the present writer will offer his services as courier.

HENRY COPPÉE.

THE SEAL-FISHERY OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

THE seal-fishery, which, in the amount of capital employed, is one of the most important interests of North America, is carried on chiefly from the Island of Newfoundland. The ships employed are from sixty to three hundred tons' burden, and are manned by crews of from thirty to eighty men. Schooners, brigs, and brigantines, are generally used, though, of late years, steamers have been employed with considerable success. On or about the 1st of March, the "sealing-fleet" sail from the different seaports of the island—the principal outfit, however, being from St. John's, the capital of the province.

As early as the 1st of January the captains of the vessels chartered for the seal-fishery engage their crews. The engagement, which is styled a "berth," is verbal, but is as binding as if it were a legal document drawn up by a Philadelphia lawyer. Each man understands the conditions of his "berth" at the outset; and all explanations are left until the vessel is about to sail, when the crew sign the articles. As soon as the proper complement of men are engaged, the ship is thoroughly cleansed and put in complete repair by the owner. Carpenters caulk the vessel, and, if necessary, "chock" and sheathe it anew. The last two processes are conducted in the following manner: First, the entire space between the bow and stern is filled in with hard wood, having a coat of heavy-tarred paper between the planking and the hard-wood "chocks." The sheathing is next bolted on over the "chocks." The sheathing consists of iron bands, three inches wide, one quarter of an inch thick, and fifteen feet long, placed on like plank, three feet above water-mark, and running twenty feet aft to the stern of the vessel. Chocking and sheathing thus give the ship an exceedingly heavy appearance. The sides are then covered with three-inch birch-plank. Lastly, the decks are also covered with common inch-boards, to protect them from the spikes, or "chisels," which the crews wear on the soles of their boots to prevent their slipping on the ice when engaged in "hauling seals."

The chocking and sheathing having been completed, the attention of the master is next turned to the building of "pounds" in the hold, for the reception of the seal-skins. These "pounds" are similar to a picket-fence, except that the sticks are placed as close together as possible to prevent the seal-skins from "surging" about in the hold during rough weather. The ballast, water-casks, gaffs, pokers, spare sails, ice-lines, ice-saws, and all the loose gear, are stowed away in the "pounds." The powder and guns for the voyage are always under the charge of the captain, and are kept in a room next to his own. Each vessel carries from ten to twelve heavy boats, stowed on the deck between the fore and main mast, bottom-side up, four in each "nest."

Every thing being now in readiness for the voyage, the crew are summoned to sign the articles of agreement, the conditions of which are invariably as follows: The owner to fit out the vessel with provisions, guns, ammunition, and every thing necessary to a successful prosecution of the voyage; the owner to have one half of the seals captured, the crew the other half; the captain to be paid by the owner a certain amount for every seal-skin brought home; the crew to be charged one pound sterling for their "berths," which sum is to be deducted from their share on the final settlement of accounts. The agreement having been signed, the fleet is ready to sail for the ice-fields of the north.

The seal-fishery is very hazardous. A storm among the loose ice is so fearful that only those who have experienced it can conceive of its hardships and its dangers. Directly on leaving port, the field-ice is encountered. The vessel enters it with all sails set, and generally before a fair wind. She is, perhaps, going through the water at the rate of ten knots an hour; and one not accustomed to the voyage fancies every instant that the vessel will be dashed to atoms against the ice, which is floating about in huge blocks. But the experienced "master-watch," seated either on the fore-castle deck or on the fore-yard, in front of the main-mast, is on the lookout. Soon one sees an enormous ice-island directly ahead, from which there is, apparently, no chance of escape, since the island seems blocked in with ice on either side. Suddenly, however, the words "Hard a-port!" are heard from the master-watch; the vessel shoots through a narrow channel, rounds the island, and the danger is over. Sometimes, again, the ship is "brought-up" in a solid jam. In this case all hands are ordered out before the prow of the ship, where with "prizers" and "pokers," a passage is soon broken through.

It must not be imagined, however, that the entire voyage abounds in dangerous incidents, or is unrelieved by cheerful scenes. On the contrary, there are many pleasant episodes. Occasionally I have seen fifty sail locked in a solid field of ice, where one might travel for miles without meeting with a drop of water or a crevice sufficiently large to admit of a broom-handle. The ice is probably twenty feet thick, while the horizon is dotted with ice-islands from one hundred yards to two miles in length.

When the fleet is thus becalmed, or, to use the pure vernacular, "jammed," the crews of the different vessels endeavor to pass away the time in as "jolly" a manner as possible. Accordingly, every man sallies forth on to the ice, and, selecting a large smooth space—in conventional parlance called a "pan"—indulges in various games, the principal of which is "Beat the Bear."

The sport connected with this game, though terribly rough, brings every muscle into full play, and is conducted throughout with the greatest good-humor. Still, an effeminate landsman would not care, after seeing it played, to officiate either as the "bear" or its "keeper." It is played in the following manner: A person is selected as the "bear," and he, in turn, appoints another as his "keeper." Each player provides himself with a piece of rope knotted at the end. The bear is seated on a block of ice, and holds one end of a long cord, while his keeper retains the other. The latter then walks off the length of the cord from the bear and pronounces the words:

"My bear is free,
Beat my bear, but don't beat me."

Upon this signal, perhaps sixty full-grown Newfoundland seal-hunters will rush at the unfortunate bear, and thrash him with their pieces of rope, until the keeper—who also has a heavy knotted rope—comes to the rescue, for the purpose of "warming the hides" of those attacking his bear. Every man runs on his approach—for whoever he can touch has to take his turn at being a "bear." When a bear is released, he is promoted to be keeper of the next bear. One sometimes sees the ice in every direction covered with parties engaged in this game. Indeed, I have myself seen two thousand men playing at one time in this rough but exciting sport.

As soon as the seals are met with, the greatest excitement is apparent among the crews. Every one gets his knife and "hauling-rope" in readiness; and, as soon as the captain gives the command, "All hands on the ice for seals!" the men, bat in hand, rush frantically over the bulwarks on to the ice among the seals, which are often many thousands in number—indeed, one might say millions, since I have often seen the water, as far as the eye could reach, literally black with their heads.

The seal, which is found in vast quantities on the north and east

coasts of Newfoundland and Labrador, resembles a fish in some respects, and a quadruped in others. These beautiful animals are seen to best advantage on the ice-fields of the North, where in the sunlight they will play like young kittens—now diving into, and now coming up out of the water. The eyes of the seal are large and sparkling; the head is round; the nose very broad, with large nostrils; and the teeth like those of a dog. Holes, where other animals have external ears, serve for the organs of hearing, which in the seal is exceedingly acute. The neck tapers from the head to the fore-flippers, falling off gracefully to the hind-flippers, like a fish. The hind-flippers, which are useless to the animal when out of water, are used entirely for swimming. The fore-flippers, which resemble two delicate hands, are placed a little below the neck at the thickest part of the body, and assist the seal in climbing the ice and the slippery rocks of the coast. The seal cannot walk, as some persons believe. Indeed, it is painful to see it make for the water when surprised. At such a time, the movements of the body are similar to those of a snake when in motion. The fore-flippers are so short as to prevent their use as legs; and the animal is thus forced to scramble to the water's edge, when it at once dives.

The *foramen ovale* of the seal's heart is open. Those who are acquainted with anatomy are aware that the veins uniting bring the blood to the heart, whence it goes to the lungs, and thence to the heart again, to be distributed throughout the body. Animals, however, before birth, make no use of their lungs; and, consequently, their blood, in place of entering the lungs, takes a shorter passage through the partition of the heart from one of its chambers to the other, thus passing from the veins directly into those vessels that carry it through the frame. The moment, however, that the animal is born, the passage through the partition (the *foramen ovale*) closes up. The heart of the seal resembles that of an infant before birth, for the *foramen ovale* never closes; and, although its blood commonly circulates through the lungs, it can also circulate by the shorter passage. Hence it is able to remain under water for a long time—a circumstance that greatly facilitates its pursuit of fish.

The seal family on the northeast coast of America may be divided into four species: The harp, so named from the almost perfect shape of that instrument which is found in black hair on the back; the leopard, the most beautiful of the tribe, so called from its resemblance to the fur of that animal; the square flipper, found chiefly on the coast of Labrador; and the hooded seal. This last variety, which resembles the harp somewhat, though the color is of a darker hue and more uniform, is generally met with on the coast of Newfoundland. On the approach of an enemy, it has the singular power of charging a bag, or hood, covering its head, with air—the effect of which is to cause the weapon with which it is struck to rebound without inflicting injury. In fact, so great is the resistance of this air-bag, that even shot from a heavily-charged gun will not penetrate it; and it is only by striking or shooting it in the neck that it can be killed.

As soon as the young seals reach the age of eighteen or twenty days, they are abandoned by the mother, when they at once take to the water. Yet so rapid is their growth after birth, that during this period their pelts attain the weight of fifty pounds.

The killing of the seals, which is sometimes done by shooting, but more generally by striking with a bat, is always exciting, and oftentimes dangerous. The seal-hunter, while pursuing his vocation, frequently has to travel miles from his vessel. Very often the cake of ice, upon which the men have gone for seals, breaks up, and, separating from the main body, drifts out of reach of succor. It is true that parties caught in this predicament are generally rescued—often in a famished condition—but instances are on record where an entire ship's crew have drifted away and perished miserably. Aside, however, from this contingency, the seal-hunter runs little risk. The young harp-seal, up to the time of its taking to the water, is very easily killed. The hunter approaches it on the ice, and, striking it on the nose with the bat, which is a pole about seven feet long and two inches in diameter at the thickest part, on which is fastened a "gaff," of boat-hook, kills it almost instantly. When they are old enough to take to the water, however, they become very wild, and cannot be approached sufficiently near to be killed by the bat. In such cases the hunters shoot them with "seal-shot," manufactured expressly for this purpose. The seal having been killed, is immediately skinned, and the pelt and fat carried on board the vessel, the flayed carcasses being left on the ice.

It must not be supposed, however, that this is done indiscriminately or without method. On the contrary, each man must take care of his own "tow"—that is, of the seals he has killed during the day. Accordingly, each pelt is taken in hand, and "laced" in the following manner: Holes are cut lengthwise with the fur, large enough to admit of a small rope. The first seal-skin is laid on the ice, fur down, and the rope laced through those holes. Another skin is then laced into it, with the tail lapping the first, and so on until the entire tow is laced. The lacing of a "tow of fat" is considered a great accomplishment; and, when a tyro has a good tow, he steps at once into the rank of a first-class journeyman.

As soon as the tows are properly laced, each man makes his particular tow fast to his waist, and drags it—it may be for miles—to the ship, where it is hoisted upon deck. Sometimes, however, when the seals have been captured near the vessel, they are placed upon the tow and drawn to the side of the ship before they are skinned.

On one occasion, of which I was an amused witness, it happened that a seal attached to the tow of a young man had been merely stunned, and, reviving as he was drawn toward the vessel, in his turn took his would-be captor in tow! Great was the consternation of the poor fellow at this unexpected change in the situation. In vain he tried to resist; the seal was the stronger of the two. At first the sailor sat down on the ice, hoping that he might thus resist more easily; but his efforts were of no avail. Like the man in Hood's song of "The Cork Leg"—

"He threw himself down, 'twas all in vain,
The leg got up and was off again!"

The seal dragged him over the smooth surface so rapidly that he could not free himself from the rope around his waist, which grew tighter every moment. His outcries, however, summoned his companions to his aid. A general chase began, to cut off the seal's retreat; but the distance to the water was very short, and suddenly both man and beast disappeared. Apparently, all succor was useless. Very soon, however, a piteous wail was heard, and, on rushing to the spot whence it proceeded, we found the young man lying at anchor in a great crack in the ice, through which the seal had dived, but which was too narrow to allow our stout comrade to pass. He was quickly rescued, and the seal recovered by means of the rope with which it was tied.

After the day's work is over, the pelts—which, in the mean time, have been left on the decks to cool—are carefully packed in the "pounds," and the crew are ready to go through the same routine on the following day. As soon as a full cargo has been obtained, the colors are hoisted, the crew cheer, and the vessel is steered for home; when, if the voyage has been a quick one, a second is generally undertaken the same year. On arriving in port, the cargo is landed, and the fat separated from the skins by a peculiarly-shaped knife made for the purpose. The fat, which is usually an inch thick, is cut into small pieces, and placed in a vat, where it runs into oil within four weeks, and becomes the "seal-oil" of commerce. The skins are salted, packed four or five in a bundle, tied with a cord, and are then ready for shipment.

WILLIAM L. STONE.

SEA-VOICES.

MY boy and I walked on the beach,
And listened to the treacherous sea;
The treacherous sea with double speech—
One voice for him and one for me.

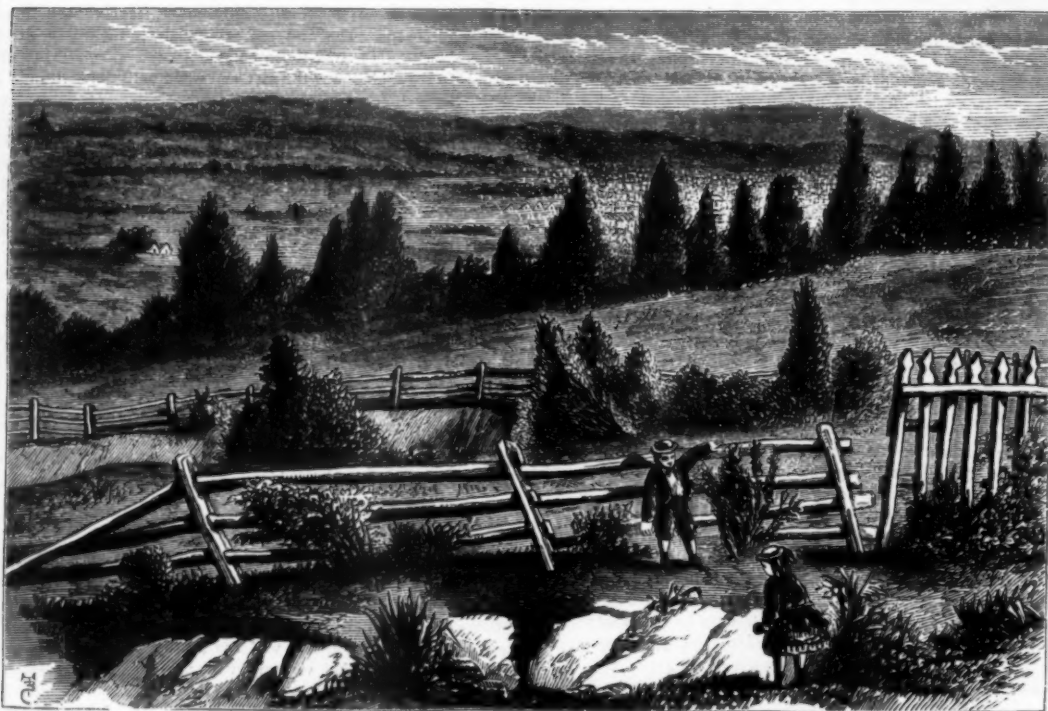
One was a siren's, pure and sweet,
Faint as the dip of silver oar;
A murmur rippling to our feet,
"I'm coming, coming to the shore!"

One was a shadow's, borne away
Half lost amid the breaker's roar;
A low, sad voice, that seemed to say,
"Oh, never, never, nevermore!"

WM. H. HOLCOMBE.

FORT LEE, ON THE HUDSON.

SECOND PAPER.



VIEW FROM FORT LEE, LOOKING TO ENGLEWOOD.

IN a military point of view, the Palisades, or a portion of them, command New-York City; and at the present day an enemy, encamped on these heights, and furnished with modern ordnance, would hold the metropolis at his mercy. In 1776, the Americans had not cannon of sufficient range, and the city extended then but a short distance above the Battery. The British held Paulus's Hook, the modern Jersey City, and the space between that and Fort Lee was in a state of half-admitted neutrality. Afterward there were, as high up as where Guttenberg now stands, British outposts, and the section was the scene of occasional skirmishes between scouting and foraging parties. Just below Bull's

Ferry, at the head of a ravine, there stood a block-house that was unsuccessfully attacked by the Americans. The following is General Washington's official account:

"HEADQUARTERS, BERGEN COUNTY, July 21, 1780.

"SIR: Having received information that there were considerable numbers of cattle and horses in Bergen Neck, within reach of the enemy, and having reason to suspect that they meant shortly to draw all supplies of that kind within their lines, I detached Brigadier-General Wayne, on the 20th, with the First and Second Pennsylvania Brigades, with four pieces of artillery attached to them, and Colonel Moylan's regiment of dragoons, to bring them off. I had it



MANHATTAN ISLE, FROM FORT LEE.

also in contemplation to attempt, at the same time, the destruction of a block-house erected at Bull's Ferry, which served the purpose of covering the enemy's woodcutters, and giving security to a body of refugees, by whom it was garrisoned, and who committed depredations upon the well-affected inhabitants for many miles around.

"General Wayne, having disposed his troops in such a manner as to guard the different landing-places on the Bergen shore, upon which the enemy might throw over troops from York Island to intercept his retreat, and having sent down the cavalry to execute the business of driving off the flock, proceeded with the First, Second, and Tenth regiments, and the artillery, to the block-house, which was surrounded by an abatis and stockade. He for some time tried the effect of his

field-pieces upon it; but, though the fire was kept up for an hour, they were found too light to penetrate the logs of which it was constructed. The troops, during this time, being galled by a constant fire from the loopholes of the house, and seeing no chance of making a breach with cannon, those of the First and Second regiments, notwithstanding the utmost efforts of the officers to retain them, rushed through the abatis to the foot of the stockade, with the view of forcing an entrance, which was found impracticable. This act of intemperate valor was the cause of the loss we sustained, and which amounted in the whole to three officers wounded, fifteen non-commissioned officers and privates killed, and forty-six non-commissioned and privates wounded. The wounded officers are Lieutenants Hammond and Crawford of the First, and Lieutenant D'Heart, of the Second, since dead. I cannot but mention his death with regret, as he was a young gentleman of amiable qualities, and who promised fair to be serviceable to his country.

"The dragoons, in the mean time, drove off the stock which were found in the Neck; the sloops and boats in the dock near the block-house were burnt, and the few people on board them made prisoners.

"I have been thus particular, lest the account of this affair should have reached Philadelphia much exaggerated, as is commonly the case on such occasions.

"I have the honor to be, with the greatest respect, sir,

"Your Excellency's most obedient servant,

"GEORGE WASHINGTON.

"To His Excellency, SAMUEL HUNTINGTON, Esq."

To add to Wayne's mortification, it was learned afterward that, when the Americans withdrew, the royalists had only one round of ammunition left, and in ten minutes would have surrendered. André, for the amusement of his friends, seized this occurrence as the theme of a mock-heroic ballad—"The Cow-Chase." It was chiefly remarkable for its closing stanza:

"And now I've closed my epic strain,
I tremble as I show it,
Lest this same warrio-drover, Wayne,
Should ever catch the poet."

It was a part of Wayne's command that apprehended André, who, as every one knows, was tried and executed as a spy.

In this debatable ground, lying between the Passaic and the Hudson, a number of conflicts, small of themselves, but having more or less influence on the general result, from time to time occurred. Among these was one in which Colonel (afterward Vice-President) Burr was conspicuous. In September, 1777, Malcolm's regiment, then under the command of Burr, who was its lieutenant-colonel, lay at Suffern's. Burr learned that the enemy were at Hackensack in force, and were about to advance into the country. Leaving merely a guard to take care of the camp, he set out with all his effective men, and arrived at Paramus, which was sixteen miles southwardly, by sunset. He found various bodies of militia in considerable disorder, and doing more



VIEW FROM THE NIESER HOUSE.

mischief to the neighboring farmers than to the British. All they could give in the way of information was, that the enemy was a few miles off and advancing. Burr set a part of the militia to repairing the fences they had destroyed, embodied the rest with his own force, and threw out pickets to prevent surprise. He then set out with thirty picked men, and a few of the militia as guides, to reconnoitre. At ten o'clock at night, when within three miles of Hackensack, he learned that he was within a mile of the enemy's picket-guard. He led the men into a wood, and ordered them to sleep till his return, as they were fatigued with a thirty-miles' march since dinner, and went off alone to discover the position of the British force.

About a half hour before daybreak he returned, wakened the men, told them he was about to attack the enemy's picket-guard, and commanded silence in the ranks under pain of death. He then led his men through the line of sentries so carefully that they were within a few yards of the guard before they were discovered. The pickets had no time to fly to arms, being perfectly surprised, and were cut to pieces. A few prisoners and some arms were taken, without the loss of a man by the assailants. Burr then sent off an express to Paramus, ordering the troops to move, and to rally the country. The inhabitants, encouraged by the success of this little movement, turned out with readiness, and put themselves under Burr's command. The British took alarm and retreated rapidly, leaving behind them the greater part of the plunder they had previously taken.

The older inhabitants here have a good many stories to tell of partisan exploits, the most interesting being those of the royalist captain, John Berry, better known as "Jack the Regular." He seems to have been a most determined and dashing partisan, devoted to the king and his flag, and unsparing in his war on his countrymen, to whom he showed a hatred which was zealously returned. He plundered and slew every one who had even the reputation of republicanism, and no possessions of any friend of Congress in the valleys of the Overbrook or Hackensack, or on the ascent of the Palisades, were safe from his attacks. Sometimes he had a band, sometimes without followers; but, whether with others or alone, he made himself feared and detested. At length he was hunted down and shot by the brothers Van Valen. They fired at him from a great distance—so great, indeed, that he taunted his pursuers with their inability to harm him. The shot was a random one, and only meant as an answer to his bravado, with no expectation that it would reach him. It inflicted a mortal wound. The brothers secured the body, which was dragged in a rude cart into Hackensack amid general rejoicing. Out of this and similar incidents a number of family feuds have arisen, which are continued in a modified form to this day, the descendants of the leading whigs and tories hating each other as earnestly as ever did

their ancestors, and carrying their antipathies, if not to the same bloody results, yet with a great part of the old bitterness.

Fort Lee has traditions strictly its own. In the ravine between the Bluff and Fort Lee proper, at a spot about half-way between the Nieser House and the Pavilion Hotel, there is a rock where a stray Hessian soldier was said to have been shot by a scout while the former was seated eating his dinner. Another story locates the Hessian on the summit. He is said to have been shot while he was bathing his feet in Dead-Bridge Brook, where the road crosses. The run is sometimes called Dead Brook in consequence. Whether the upper fellow was a distinct German, or a mere double of the one below,

created by time and the recital of the story—whether there were two Germans killed, or one slaughtered in two places at once, is a matter like the songs the Sirens sung, or the dress Hercules wore among the women, a matter possible, but not probable, to be determined. It is said also that, on the porch of Berdette's house, the English and American officers used to meet occasionally as on a kind of neutral ground; but, as the place is also said to have been General Greene's headquarters, and really was just under the guns of the American batteries, this must be taken, not only *cum grano salis*, but with a great many grains of salt, indeed.

Berdette seems to have been a dexterous fellow, managing to steer his bark in those times safely through the breakers, keeping the goodwill of both sides, and living and

dying "a prosperous gentleman." One tradition is entirely lost. In the woods, about a mile from the fort, is a heap of stones, said to be the ruins of Moll Portagee's house. But no one can tell who Moll Portagee was, what she did, when she died, or any thing about her. There are traces of a garden and of a hearthstone amid the trees and the undergrowth. Beyond the conceded fact that here at one time lived Moll Portagee, or Portuguese Moll—for sometimes the name is reversed—there is nothing. And, while upon odd relics of the past, it is well enough to turn to a little bit of modern creation. Near the edge of the cliff, above the lower part of the village, the traveller comes upon a little bit of



OLD ARMY ROAD.

water, in a setting of lofty forest trees, which shows on examination to be an artificial creation, though time and neglect have so fringed it with low growth, and so choked it with water-plants, that it is difficult to tell where art ended and nature began. This is "Watkins's Pond"—a favorite fishing-place for the youngsters of the neighborhood, who capture here annually large numbers of catfish, with which the pond is well stocked. It is a singularly beautiful piece of scenery, and well worthy a visit.

Fort Lee did not grow for a long time after the Revolutionary War. Berdette seems to have remained, and he has left numerous and respectable descendants. At one time it was the seaport town of the county. Here the farmers of the neighboring valley used to embark with their produce to seek a New-York market—first in periguanas, then in horse-boats, and finally in a steamboat. Turnpike-roads first, and railroads afterward, diverted this stream of travel. Then came a piano-forte manufactory. After some years this passed. Then came the shoe interest, which had its day, and gave place to the Belgian block-makers, who now form the leading industrial element of the neighborhood. With all this the lower village does not grow, for mere want of space. As for the upper village, that is gradually expanding. In 1776, there were farms on the hill. War swept all that, and Demeter fled before Ares. The embankment was thrown up in a cornfield, in which were a number of bearing pear-trees, that were cut down to form abatis. An old lady, long since dead, said she was a girl at the time, and gathered an apronful of the unripe pears when the trees were felled. One tree of these—a mere sapling then—still survives. It is an interesting relic, but not a picturesque object. Our artist, after looking at it from all sides, finding it half hidden by a stable, and flanked by out-houses, gave it up in despair. That Indian-corn was last planted there is even yet evident, for, in a strong sunlight, the faint traces of the cornhills may be seen in the short grass. When the war was over, the place was covered with copsewood and brambles, with young cedars, and liquidambers and hickories here and there, that gradually formed a grove. As the proprietors of the ground had been Tories, and Toryism got the worst of it, their property was confiscated and sold to the highest bidder. The highest bidder was a very low bidder, indeed. A few shillings per acre was considered a high price for land that was made up of rock, and swamp, and low growth. There is a tract in the neighborhood, held partly by possession, and partly through a reference to it in the conveyance of an adjoining plot of ground. The owner did not think the ground of enough value to pay for recording the original deed, which was afterward lost. Yet part of this wild property (a part sold for thirty dollars per acre less than thirty years since—the villa-site from which the view looking to Manhattanville is taken) recently changed hands at over one hundred and eighty-six times that price.



WATKINS'S POND.

The recent growth of Fort Lee on the hill may be traced to a rather singular cause. About sixteen years since an eccentric but excellent clergyman in New York came to the place to visit another clergyman. He was struck with the beauty of the scenery, and made a purchase of part of the ground covered by the fort, with several acres adjoining, to which he added by subsequent purchases. The

next thing was to improve the property. He endeavored to combine prudence with benevolence. He was, like all clergymen, troubled with a number of applicants for charity and employment. So he bought up large quantities of second-hand building-material—the doors, windows, flooring, and even the roofs of houses, that had been pulled down in New York to make way for new structures. These he transported to Fort Lee. When any one came to him for work, he sent the applicant up the Hudson. Houses were erected to fit the doors and windows. The effect was novel, if not elegant. A magnificent door-way led into a three-foot vestibule; a small, square window looked into a large parlor; and a huge oriel gave light to an apartment eight by ten in size. Rarely were two windows or two doors in the same house of one pattern. The apartments were of different heights on the same floor. The frames of the houses were all spiked, and not mortised and tenoned. He was continually adding new rooms, each different from its neighbor and the original structure. Stove-pipes were used instead of chimneys. Garnish chimney-pots abounded, but they were used to ornament the ground. When the second-hand houses had been erected, the owner attended all the auctions, and bought an abundance of second-hand furniture, with which he filled them from basement—they had no cellars—to garret. The furniture was as incongruous as the doors and windows. A chair of Louis Quatorze stood alongside of a lounge of the stiff and angular pattern of 1830; a rosewood centre-table was near a walnut *étagère*; a curled-maple bedstead was attended by an elegant carved black-oak washstand with a top of Spanish marble; an extension dining-table, that had at one time done duty on a steamboat, was supported by an old-fashioned sideboard, so huge that no door would admit it, as none in fact had, the room having been built around it. In anticipation of new houses, new materials—that is, new old materials—came. Some of us entered into a calculation that there was a half acre of old tin roofing and a quarter of a mile of stove-pipe still unappropriated when the enthusiastic builder died and was gathered to his fathers, to build no more.

But, when the administrators of the estate came to settle it, they found immense masses of unused building-materials, together with two anchors, a tame eagle, a wild-goose with his wings clipped, and sixty-four cart-wheels. All the inanimate personal property was put up at auction. It was a great sale, and, had the deceased owner been suddenly resuscitated, he could not have resisted the chances for bargains, but would have surely bought all the material. As it was, it

was dispersed. With the goods, people seemed to purchase the disposition of the late owner, and a number of fabrics, mainly made up of old material, were erected at once. Since then, handsome and even costly dwelling-houses have been built, but everywhere among them may be seen structures of that kind which have given such peculiarity to the Pond-Park estate.

The odd people gathered in the Pond-Park houses matched in contrasts the houses themselves. Lola Montez was here at one time; the unfortunate George W. Cutter, the author of what one of the English magazines pronounced one of the most stirring lyrics in the language—"The Song of Steam;" Chauncey Burr, the irrepressible and restless; and a number of other odd and notable people came and went in and about these palaces of odds and ends. Nor were they alone. The beauty of the place, marred though it was in this way, attracted poets and artists. The place was a favorite resort, among the rest, with Fitz-Greene Halleck, who called it his "country-place on the Hudson," and who speaks of it frequently and enthusiastically in his letters, often hoping that the hand of "improvement" might never reach it, and that its beauty might long outlast his own. One of his favorite spots was on the Flat Rock, and his most favorite view the lookout thence, which the artist has transferred to one of these pages. Among the other literary men who have resided here for years is the Rev. Ralph Hoyt, whose poems, "Sno w" and "Old," have maintained so long their popularity, and who has attained that climax of fame to an American author of seeing his best productions enshrined in school-readers, the happy and desirable stable of the Yankee Pegasus.

Alas for Arcadia! The "improvement" which Halleck dreaded so much is coming with an assured step. The snort of the steam-horse is heard in the near distance. The West-Shore Railway is a fixed fact. A new road board is about to borrow enough, through a special act, to grade, cut down, widen, and macadamize. The block-makers are blowing up and tearing down the cliffs and steep rocks.

Streets and avenues are being opened—I beg Grant White's pardon, *opening*—through the old forest. The wood-choppers are denuding the surface rapidly. The *Bierstube* and the *Schoppewirthschaft* have made their appearance, and there have been dark and mysterious whispers of a brewery to come. Sidewalks have outcropped in several places, and public-spirited citizens speak boldly of street-lamps and a new town-pump. Alas for Arcadia!

THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

THE RULE OF THE ROAD.

IN starting this country as a new establishment in the civilization line, it was to be expected that we should set up some conventional rules and regulations in minor matters, as well as in those of more importance, which would require modification or entire change in after-days. There are some such which, in due course, have been modified or dropped. Others are as difficult to change, however great the need, as it would be to "reconsider" universal suffrage, drive latent "Know-nothingism" out of the native American heart, or make the 17th of March a national holiday.

One of the ought-to-be-changed regulations is our existing rule of the road—"keep to the right"—which became a law, by usage, at least, if not by formal enactment, at a time when the most prevalent modes of vehicular conveyance were very different from those now in vogue in all well-settled portions of the country.

"Why is it," asked a friend, recently, "that the left-hand animal of a pair in harness is called the *near*, or *nigh*, and the other the *off* horse, ox, or mule? I have asked the question of many, but can get no satisfactory answer. There must be a reason for it. One horse-man said that it was because they 'went to that horse first to unharness him!'"

The root of the proper answer to my friend's query lies simply and solely in the matter of the free use of the right hand, and we may legitimately trace back the questions discussed in my recent paper on "Horsemanship"—that of the *near* and *off* horse—and that of which arm to offer a lady in walking with her, to the elementary one of, Why is the right hand the handiest? Is it so from instinct or education? for, antidexters and "south-paws," or left-handed persons, are rare exceptions to the rule.

Our law of the road—turning to the right—was fixed in the early days, when ox-carts or heavy wagons were the vehicles only or mostly in use, and the driver or teamster walked beside his cattle on the left, or mounted the left-hand horse or mule. The left side was so chosen, or instinctively taken, in order to have the *right hand* in the best position for free use of gad, whip, or rein, in guiding the team.

In the case of the ox-driver, too, the free and familiar use of the hand on the ox next to him, aided in producing such a real or fancied superiority in the comparative docility and intelligence of that animal as to give rise to a metaphorical expression still in vogue, in rural districts, by which we describe an odd-tempered or ill-trained fellow as "a kind of off-ox anyhow."

Being then on the left of his cattle, the one next to the walking teamster was naturally called the *near*, or *nigh*, and the other the *off*, or farthermost one, and these terms were readily adopted by the mounted teamster or postilion, from whom they passed to the driver, or reinsman. In the mouth of the latter, however, they lose their aptness, and become merely arbitrary designations, inasmuch as, in reference to the reinsman's seat, the "near-horse" is a little the farthest off.

Being on the left, the walking or mounted teamster, by "keeping to the right," could best see that his vehicle passed a meeting-one without collision, and could "sheer off" to a proper distance. Hence comes our rule of the road, and it has remained unchanged, although (except in limited sections and



ROAD TO FORT-LEE HILL.

sparsely-settled districts) the teamster, walking or mounted, has long since given way to the reinsman.

The latter, notwithstanding the obligation to turn to the right, takes his seat on the right of his vehicle. Why? That he may have free use of his right hand in swinging his whip, with no such impediment as there would be if he sat on the left with any one beside him. But, seated on the right, he is farthest removed from the side that is exposed to contact in passing others, and is less able to judge (say in narrow roads, where he must pass close, or in a fast-driving crowd) of the proper distance to sheer off, while, if he sat above his left wheel, he could pass within a finger's-breadth in safety.

If, however, he sits on the left, and still turns to the right, while he gains one point, he loses another; for his right arm has not free swing. But, *seat him on the right*, and let him turn to the left, and he has all the points required.

Herein lies the need for a change in our law of the road. And that this need is not a fancied one, is evidenced by a silent protest against the present rule, which is now frequently to be seen in our streets and on our promenade drives—in this shape. In driving with a lady, it may be noticed that many gentlemen now take the seat on her left despite its awkwardness for using the whip, and the exposure of the lady to a possible blow from the elbow in some sudden emergency.

Now, this position is not taken from a mere whim of fashion by its originator, although it may have imitators who know not its wherefore. It is an acknowledgment of the need on our crowded drives, in our confined streets, and among fast drivers, of being placed where one can best see to pass others safely—and thus is a demand for a change in our rule.

The same general principles—protection from contact in passing, and the free use of the right hand—may and should be applied to the sidewalk as well as to the ride or drive. We should turn to the left there, and a gentleman should, as a rule—exceptions excepted—always take a lady on his left arm (gallantry says, next his heart) in walking. He would then have his right free for service, and his person would be interposed between her and a jostling throng. This, of course, implies a dropping of the nonsensical fashion of changing the lady from one arm to the other every time the pair take the other side of the street, and with as much formality as if they were "going about on the other tack."

A. STEELE PENN.

FROM THE VALLEY OF DEATH.

[The two following poems were written by Frederick W. Loring, of whom we gave an account in our last number, while he was besieged by Indians in the Valley of Death, and are probably the last relics of his pen, as his papers were, doubtless, destroyed by the savages who murdered him in Arizona:]

IN MAINE AND IN ARIZONA.

I.

MATILDY, jest you mind them hens,
And shoo 'em out away from here;
They're scratching all the garden up—
Why, Tildy's gone—wa'al, wa'al, that's queer.
She ain't contrary, as a rule,
And gen'lly obeys my will;
But though she heerd me, off she put—
Why, there's Lorenzo Pettengill!

He's met her and she's stopped to talk—
Them hens will eat up every thing—
He's wanting her to take a walk—
Wa'al, it is nice to walk in spring.
He's took her hand—come, that won't do—
She seems to stand uncommon still;
I'd better let them know I'm round—
Good-evening, Mr. Pettengill!

He don't mind me—it ain't no use—
Ah, wa'al, my time has been and gone;
But, then, I'd reely no idee
How Tildy was a-getting on.
These gals grow up, and pretty soon
They lay us old ones on the shelf,
Lorenzo is a smart young man—
I guess I'll tend them hens myself.

II.

O Dolores! Wicked one! So thus it is you do your duty,
Walking far along the trail from your home, the rancheria.
Ah, she does not see I watch her, little tiger—she is pretty,
But she sees not her kind father—oh, so kind—behind her here.

What does she? Ah, Dolores, it is then for French, the packer,
To talk with him you wander, and your doves must coo unfed;
Silly child, he has a hundred mules, has this Americano—
I shall tell your brother Manuel, and to-morrow he is dead.

I am growing fat and old, and I cannot watch your movements;
But my boy, my Manuel, there is one. He shall upon him spring—
Madre de Dios! What is that which he now seems to force upon
her?

The saints be praised—it is, indeed, a ring, and such a ring!

And he has a hundred mules, and he takes away my daughter,
She costs no more—oh, sweet young love, it makes my old heart
stir—

They come here—ah! he shall have his drink American—the whis-
key—

And the little one, Dolores! I shall feed her doves for her.

CONSTANCY.

SCENE.—A Mountain-camp in the Sierra Nevada. JACK, washing clothes, colloquizes:

WELL, by Jove! Here's a handkerchief now,
Which, in washing my clothes, I find lying near!
Decidedly feminine, too! Well, how
Could that thing ever have crept in here?
Is—a—bel, what is the other name?
By gracious, it must be Isabel King;
And I'd forgotten her! What a shame!
She was really a lovely little thing.

Now I remember—how could I forget!
The night when that handkerchief I took;
I wonder if she is married yet,
And if she still keeps that girlish look?
We sat on the beach—I believe it was Ryc—
E'en now I hear how the wild surf sings—
And we were alone—there was nobody by,
And I said a great many preposterous things.

And I pressed the handkerchief to my heart,
And swore to keep it for ever and ever;
And—it not being lace—she let it depart,
And I swore that it should go from me never.
And I've kept my promise for all these years;
Isabel, I am more faithful than you;
For, that you are married, I have my fears—
But, when was a woman known to be true!

For you have forgotten me quite, and I
Am wringing the suds from your handkerchief,
Which seems as though it would never get dry;
And it is now my assured belief
That I shall get married, when this trip's through;
I shall make the best husband in the world,
Because I am ever constant and true—
Witness this rag on the clothes-line curled.

By Jove! what's that? Why, Jim, old boy,
Wounded, and by a grizzly, you say;
And you killed him! Good!—that is cause for joy—
Put him down here, fellows, this side of the way.
Not fatal, but still, I think, you will find
That it's far from fun to be clawed by a bear.
Here, bring us some stuff his wounds to bind;
Stay! Take that old handkerchief over there!

TABLE-TALK.

WE are wont to be boastful of the rapid growth of our cities, throwing Chicago, St. Louis, and Omaha, constantly and exultingly at the heads of the denizens of the slow Old World. But now and then a European city starts suddenly up, sometimes without apparent reason, but more often because of some great improvement or enterprise affecting it, and increases with a rapidity rivalling our own Western towns. It may spring up in the desert or on the "lonely shore," where before there were no human habitations; or a fit of suddenly renewing its youth may seize some hoary old fastness of feudal times, or some ancient seaport with its crumbling moles and fortified amphitheatre. Greatness seems thus to have been thrust upon Brindisi, hitherto a sleepy old town on the east coast of Italy, by the double agency of the Mont-Cenis Tunnel and the Suez Canal; and our consulate there, which whilom was scarcely worth the acceptance of the most modest aspirant, is now a proper object of ambition to office-seekers of the dignity of ex-Congressmen and speakers of Western Legislatures. Brindisi has one of the finest natural harbors on the peninsula, and this was discovered by the adventurous Cretans in the ancient days when they were people of some importance, and not yet ground beneath the heel of the Turk, or even subjected to the refined tyranny of the Greeks. The Romans fought lustily for Brindisi; and so valuable a military port was it considered that Hannibal did his best to get it away from his enemies. The place is redolent of most suggestive historic memories. There Sylla landed after his famous campaign against Mithridates; there Cicero was welcomed back to the Roman dominions after his exile; there Caesar and Pompey fought a Titanic fight; there Octavius was crowned Augustus and emperor; there Virgil died. There was, in the crusadal time, a notable wedding at Brindisi, where the younger Tancred espoused the Princess Irene; all through the middle ages it was a scene of ever-recurring war and pillage, of sieges and burnings, of great military conferences and the meetings of princes. As if the scourges of men did not suffice, Brindisi underwent the ordeal of earthquake, the great convulsion of 1456 almost swallowing her up, mole, wharves, castle, cathedral, and all, and leaving her but a faint memory on the historic page. It is reserved for the Brindisians of our generation to see new life infused into her musty old bones, and the sleepy and supine Italians of the ancient port must be rubbing their eyes in doubt whether they are not dreaming. For already there is a stir there, and we may imagine real-estate speculators, Oriental and Occidental, busily buying up vacant lots and securing eligible situations by the wharves. The completion of the Mont-Cenis Tunnel renders the road between the Western-European marts and Brindisi the nearest transit toward the East; while the Suez Canal completes the line of quickest intercommunication; so that Brindisi seems more than likely to become the "pier-head" of Italy and the market-place and intermediate station between Europe and Asia.

— There are fashionable ladies who achieve a little victory of awe and envy over their visiting acquaintances, by assuring them that "all their dresses are made in Paris." The high-priestesses in the temple of Fashion would doubtless regard themselves as ill attired for their responsible functions, should it once be known that their robes were purchased and made up on Broadway, and not on the Boulevards. It is a mystery difficult to explain why ladies should send to Paris for goods which may be just as well purchased at their own doors, the best silks, for instance, being made for the foreign markets by the French manufacturers, and it is an important part of our dealers' business to go or send to headquarters to make selections. It is, perhaps, accounted for by the old enchantment lent by distance to the view, and by the superstitious reverence with which our *beau monde* look to Paris as the Mecca of fashion. There were, no doubt, many timid husbands whose best wishes attended the German siege of Paris, in the unuttered hope that that centre of fashion might be dethroned from its dictatorship over dress, and purged of its passion for outrageous caricatures of human draperies in the fiery furnace of war. It seemed natural and not improbable that Paris should be starved out of flounces and trains, of chignons and scrolls, of high heels and gewgaw trimmings; and that, amid the tumbling towers and mutilated monuments, *rouge*, and powder, and enamel, and "black lead under the eyes," might be forgotten and pass quietly away. The empire had invented chignons, crinoline, and three toilets a day; perhaps, when the fascinating and exigent mistress of the Tuilleries could no longer impose her æsthetic will upon the world, these absurdities would vanish with her. The disappointment of those in whose breasts these hopes were raised by the booming of the German Krupps, is but one more illustration of that "vanity of human wishes" which gruff old Johnson so solemnly impresses upon us in his stately verse. Many things have vanished from Paris forever; but this old, morbid passion for fashionable masquerade has apparently survived in all its intensity; and, what is worse, Paris seems to have resumed her empire over the fashions of the world as easily as if the war had been merely an *interregnum*. Who holds the mysterious power, and where lurks he (or she) that shapes the destinies of the world's toilets, and makes or unmakes at will the fortunes of modistes and milliners, whether empresses rise or fall, whether "the piping times of peace," or the tempests of disastrous war, attend the fortunes of the city? It is noteworthy that Germany, having physically laid Paris in the dust, now seeks to tear from her the flippant glory of being the metropolis of fashion. The crown-princess, with her sterling English common-sense, has taken the lead in a movement to "cultivate plainness and modesty of dress, with good taste, befitting materials, but no extravagance or meretricious display." Verily, if success should crown this new assault, the conquest of Paris would be complete indeed.

— It is curious to note how ancient superstitions, which seem to have passed from the popular memory, are revived in certain emergencies, and made to do duty again by

generations far removed from those which originally observed them. It is doubtful if a superstition ever dies, so tenacious is a people of every thing handed down from their forefathers. It may become so mutilated in time as to lose its identity to the comprehension of the vulgar; but, when analyzed, it will be found to contain all the elements of its prototype. A curious illustration has lately reached us in an account, by a St. Petersburg correspondent, of the means adopted in certain of the Russian villages to arrest the spread of the cholera. The afflicted inhabitants believed themselves the special objects of Divine wrath; and, to the end of propitiating the Deity, built "sacred fires," kindled by rubbing pieces of wood together, and fumigated their houses with the burning brands. This practice, the origin of which was probably a sealed letter to the ignorant peasants who revived it, is a relic of paganism which leads us back far into the mists of antiquity, into a region peopled with the poetic creations of our Aryan ancestors, who saw in the changing elements the attributes of gods. Fire, deified in Agni, was brought down from heaven and given to Manu, the first man, by Matarisvan, the Vedic Prometheus. The sacred blaze was first kindled on earth by the friction of two pieces of wood, just as is done to this day in the Hindoo temples. The flame that lit the vestal fires of Greece and Rome was produced in the same way, fire from flint and steel, and old fire, or fire that had been preserved a long time, being deemed less sacred. Among the early Germans and Scandinavians the sacred fires were lit on stated anniversaries, and solemn religious ceremonies were performed as a preventive against epidemics and the spells and machinations of witches and demons. On these occasions men and cattle passed through the flame and smoke as a typical purification, and sacrifices were made to appease the gods. These sacrifices, according to Grimm, were at first of human beings, then of animals, and finally the blood-offering was dispensed with, the passage through the flames by the living being substituted as a symbolic sacrifice. It is to be hoped that these modern Russian pagans, in reviving a rite of their barbarous ancestors, contented themselves with the harmless fumigations, and did not consider it necessary to resort to human immolation to appease their offended deity.

— The Jarves collection of pictures by early Italian masters has found a home at last in the gallery of the Yale School of Fine Arts, where it has been on exhibition since 1867, its owner, Mr. James J. Jarves, having deposited it there in that year as security for a loan of twenty thousand dollars made by the college. It was put up at auction on the 9th ult., in New Haven, and, no other bidders appearing, was "knocked down" to Mr. H. C. Kingsley, the college treasurer, for twenty-two thousand dollars. The collection, which consists of one hundred and nineteen pictures, is said to have cost Mr. Jarves over sixty thousand dollars; but its worth cannot properly be estimated in dollars and cents. Art-critics, it is true, tell us that the pictures are not in every instance authenticated—that is, were not painted by the men whose names

they bear; and many who have a knowledge of pictures—as distinguished from art—have slighted them because they fail to come up to the modern standard of excellence; but the former do not deny that they are fair examples of the several ages and schools which they are claimed to illustrate, and the latter err in judging them absolutely and not relatively. While it may contain few individual specimens of more than average merit, the gallery, taken collectively as an illustration of early Italian art, is invaluable to the student. What we need is art-culture, not that which produces the artist, but that which educates the connoisseur. The artist is the result of direct application; the art-critic of a much wider range of study. If we would have thorough art culture, we must provide schools and subjects for study. Whatever may be the shortcomings of Mr. Jarves's collection, it is unique in this country; and, while regretting that it could not have been obtained for our Metropolitan Art Museum, we cannot but congratulate Yale College on its acquisition.

—A correspondent of the *New-York World*, while giving valuable and interesting suggestions in regard to the architecture of our American cities, speaks of colonnades as being a great desideratum in New York. He says: "I can think of no place where this beautiful and picturesque form of building would be more welcome than here. Any one who has ever seen the Rue Rivoli at Paris, or been to Berne in Switzerland, or to Bologna or Ferrara in Italy, must have enjoyed walking under these delicious colonnades, whole blocks—in Bologna, miles—in extent. Your readers will doubtless understand that I mean buildings where the whole sidewalk is covered over, the second story projecting over it to the width of the curb-stone, and resting upon massive stone columns or arches. Where could such a thing be more agreeable than in New York? Our winters here are often prolonged and severe, during which time these colonnades would afford perfect protection to pedestrians, while in our burning summer months—often hotter than is ever known in Italy—these cool, shady retreats would be perfectly delicious." In the summer season, colonnades, such as described by this writer, would no doubt be agreeable; but in the winter season such an arrangement would render all the shops and stores on the first floor of the buildings dark and dismal, and the promenade cold and damp. Sunshine is necessary to health; in summertime we are glad to escape from it, but in winter a promenade through which cold currents of air continually drifted, and which was unwarmed by the sun, would become chilling, damp, and far from either agreeable or healthful.

Miscellany.

The Grand-duke Alexis.

ALEXIS ALEXANDROWITZ, i. e., the son of Alexander, was born on the 2d day of January, 1850, and is, therefore, now about twenty-one years old. He is the third living son of the czar, his seniors being the Grand-duke Alexander, heir-apparent, who

was born February 26, 1845, and married to Maria Dagmar, daughter of the King of Denmark; and the Grand-duke Vladimir, who was born April 10, 1847. The younger children of the family consist of the Grand-duchess Maria, born October 5, 1853; the Grand-duke Sergius, born in April, 1857; and the Grand-duke Paul, born September 21, 1860. Still another son was there in the family, Nicholas, the eldest of all, who died some years ago at Nice of consumption, his heirship of the crown and claims upon the hand of Maria Dagmar of Denmark being turned over, as is the custom of kingly families, to the Grand-duke Alexander. Our imperial guest being the third of the family in order of birth, stands a slim—a very slim—chance of ever approaching very close to the throne; but strange things happen in Russia betimes, and it may be that we are entertaining a czar unawares.

Regarding the birth and early history of Alexis, it would seem, from all accounts, that his *entrée* into this world was beset by dangers and difficulties of no ordinary character. The life of his imperial mother was for a long time endangered, and, subsequently, it was reported in the palace that the new-born babe was dead. For more than an hour after his birth the grand people of the Russian court were deeply absorbed in conversation, bewailing the fate of the ill-starred babe and the deep disappointment of the noble parents. But at length the welcome message came from the sick-chamber that the court-physicians had succeeded in bringing to life what had, at the moment of birth, appeared to be a dead infant. The liveliest congratulations followed this announcement, and, when the exultant father appeared at the door of the gorgeous *salon*, bearing in his arms his newly-born offspring, the gladness of those present knew no bounds, and overflowed with prayers for the safety and happiness of the little one. A tall, majestic man, of commanding form and imposing presence, to whom all seemed to pay extreme deference, stepped forward, and, approaching the unconscious babe, christened him "Colonel of the Iekatherinenburg Infantry Regiment," an honor conferred at that age only on princes of the imperial blood. Thus came into the world Alexis Alexandrowitz, grandson of the Czar Nicholas, who had just created him a colonel, and son of the present Emperor of all the Russias. The magnificent Cathedral of St. Isaac's, in the Russian capital, for years past had not been filled by a more brilliant throng than the one which attended the solemnities amid which the newly-born Grand-duke Alexis was baptized at the same font from which, for nearly a hundred years past, the holy-water had been sprinkled on the foreheads of his ancestors. The whole imperial family, including the emperor and empress, and all the grand-dukes were present. Most of the foreign courts were represented by ministers attired in their robes of state, and the officers of the Imperial Life Guards were stationed at regular intervals in all parts of the vast building. After Alexis was removed from the baptismal font the Emperor Nicholas kissed his little grandson fondly on the forehead, and then tenderly embraced his son, the Grand-duke hereditary, Alexander Nicolajewitz.

For several years young Alexis remained in very feeble health. He was a sickly child, and it was generally believed that he would hardly survive the period of his boyhood. In the year 1854 he was a pale, sweet-faced boy, looking younger than he really was, with large, dark eyes and a beautiful head of blond hair.

The Grand-duchess Maria often drove out with him in the gardens of Zarskoe-Selo, and the Emperor Nicholas never allowed them to pass without saying a kind word to his daughter-in-law and fondling his little grandson. Early in March, 1855, the czar died, heart-broken, surrounded by his weeping family, every member of which was devotedly attached to him. In the year 1856 the young grand-duke accompanied his parents to their coronation at Moscow, and was then, for the first time, presented to the assembled representatives of the vast Russian empire. When his mother appeared, surrounded by her children and bearing little Alexis in her arms, there was such a joyous shout as has seldom welcomed the scion of an imperial house.

Upon the return of the imperial family to St. Petersburg, the education of the young prince immediately commenced, and has been going on, almost without interruption, ever since. Among his tutors were, first, Madame de Bernard, a Frenchwoman, and Fräulein von Julitshoff, the orphan daughter of a Courland nobleman; and, at a later period, Professor Farganoff, who instructed him in mathematics and geography; Professor von Stein, who taught him ancient and modern history; and Mr. Gordon, a Scotchman, who gave him lessons in English. At the present time he is under the tutorship of Vice-Admiral Possiet, of the imperial navy; while Actual Councillor of State, Machine, professor of the English language to the imperial family, accompanies him as English teacher.

As to the habits of this young man, we have heard so many different statements that it would indeed be hard to tell which are correct. Some say, for instance, that he smokes excessively, and others, again, that he does not use the weed at all. Upon what we consider the very best authority, he does smoke, but not by any means excessively, and rarely any thing but Russian *paparose* made of fine Turkish tobacco. He drinks wine occasionally, and is very fond of the genuine Widow Cliquot and Russian Roederer; but never will take more than he can carry with the dignity of a prince. He is fond of the society of ladies and of flirtation, and does not seem to have inherited the gloomy and melancholy disposition of his august father, and grandfather, and great-grandfather. In this respect he seems to have taken after his mother the czarina, who, before she was married (in 1841), was counted among the gayest and liveliest, as well as most beautiful, of German princesses. It was she who for many years caused the court of her father Louis, the Grand-duke of Hesse, to be considered one of the liveliest and most interesting in all Europe. It is either Kohl, or some other distinguished traveller, who devotes a long chapter to the description of the court at Hesse and the lovely Maximiliana. Even now, as the czarina, she is said to be almost as gay and fond of fun and frolic as when she was the young German princess, in marked contrast to her august consort, who, although an enlightened ruler and a man of liberal ideas and generous impulse, is yet, perhaps, one of the most unhappy among the crowned heads of Europe, owing to his perpetual melancholy and hypochondria.

The Grand-duke Alexis, like his uncle, is an officer in the Russian navy. At the present time he holds the rank of captain of the fleet, and, in addition thereto, the rank of aide-de-camp to the czar. For his present calling he received a thorough preparation by undergoing the strict discipline and mastering the severe curriculum of the Imperial Marine Academy. He is said to be thoroughly devoted to his pro-

fession, and determined to work his way by degrees through all the intervening grades till he, in course of time, shall reach the highest position in the service.

Alexis, although a young man, has seen quite a good deal of the world. He has visited Paris and London repeatedly, and has been in Vienna, Prague, Munich, Dresden, Berlin, and many other places too numerous to mention. In 1860 the grand-duke accompanied his mother to Germany, and afterward went with her to Nice, where his eldest brother, the Czarowitz Nicholas, was lying dangerously ill. The Emperor Alexander, the empress, the Grand-duke Alexis, and the affianced bride of the dying grand-duke, the charming Princess Dagmar of Denmark, were all present at the death-bed. The following years in the life of Prince Alexis have not been distinguished by any noteworthy events, unless it be that he was present, in the year 1866, when the murderous attempt was made upon the life of his imperial father, which excited so profound a sensation throughout the civilized world. Alexis stood on that memorable occasion close behind the emperor.

On another occasion the grand-duke was enjoying a sail on Lake Onega. At a very short distance from his barge a young Russian nobleman was rowing his sister in a small skiff. The young nobleman appeared to be unskilful in the management of his oars, and in consequence his frail boat was capsized. Without a moment's hesitation, the grand-duke plunged into the water, and succeeded, not without great difficulty and at much personal peril, in rescuing the young girl. For this display of heroism he received a gold medal at the hands of his father the emperor, and always proudly wears the decoration on gala occasions as the noblest which decks his breast.

His last visit to Berlin was in June last, when he accompanied his father on his visit to the Emperor William. He has also made extensive journeys, under the guidance of his tutor, in his native country, both in Europe and Asia. Preparations for his present journey were commenced as long ago as July last, immediately after his return from Germany, the most delicate and important point to be decided being who should and who should not enjoy the high honor of forming the escort of his imperial highness on his visit to the United States.

One point, however, was definitely settled in advance. According to an old ukase of the time of Peter the Great, who was never partial to the fair sex, women are prohibited from becoming passengers on any Russian man-of-war, and the prohibition has remained in force until the present, it being deemed improper to make an exception, even when the brilliancy and completeness of the grand-duke's suite were concerned. Consequently, none of the noble young ladies of St. Petersburg or Moscow are in the prince's *cortège*; but it contains a brilliant company, embracing the very flower of the Russian aristocracy. The most important among his companions are Aide-de-camp General and Vice-Admiral Possiet, who is his guardian; the Actual High Councillor of State Vessily, Actual Councillor of State Machine, professor of the English language to the imperial family; Count Olssonoff, lieutenant of the horse-artillery of the Guards and aide-de-camp to the heir to the throne; and Count Schouvaloff, cornet of Hussars of the Guard and personal attendant on his imperial highness the Grand-duke Vladimir. The latter is also an intimate friend and companion of the Grand-duke Alexis.

Napoleon III.

The following report of a recent conversation with the ex-Emperor of the French, is vouched for as trustworthy by the *London Times*. "His majesty spoke as follows: 'It is pretended that the Bonapartists are conspiring. I do not believe it. It is only parties who feel themselves in a minority in the country who have recourse to occult practices. It is only those who wish to impose their views upon the larger number who conspire. When a man has been, as I have been, during twenty-three years, at the head of a great nation, and when he has been animated by a single thought—the welfare of the country—he preserves the sentiment of his dignity, the conviction of his rights, and casts away from him the intrigues which degrade those who have recourse to them. Without illusions and without discouragement, I rely upon the justice of the French people, and I am resigned to my fate, whatever may be the decrees of Providence. Moreover, when one has fallen from such a height, the first sentiment one experiences is not the desire to again mount upon the pinnacle, but to seek the causes of the fall in order to explain one's conduct and combat calumny, while still recognizing one's faults. In doing this, one reviews the past, rather than seeks to read the future, and strives much more to justify one's self than to accomplish a restoration. Hence the legitimate desire to employ public means of refuting unjust attacks, and of rectifying erroneous appreciations. To enlighten public opinion by truthful statements is a duty to those whom Fortune has struck down; while all agitation to attempt the reestablishment of the imperial régime would only retard the moral reaction which has already commenced. To all who have come from France to visit me I have held the same language: "I am opposed," I have said to them, "to either intrigues or plots. France needs repose to enable her to recover from her disasters." He would be most culpable who should seek to foment trouble for the advancement of his personal interests. The present government is merely provisional, and does not, in the future, exclude any form of government. To attempt to overthrow it would be a bad action, though my rights remain still intact; and, so long as the people shall not have been regularly consulted, no decision of the Chamber can prevent me from being the legitimate sovereign of France. Many officers have written to me to ask if they should place themselves at the disposition of the present government, and if I consented to release them from their oath. I have answered that, the question being plainly stated between order on the one hand, and the most frightful anarchy on the other, they should not hesitate to serve their country; but that I could not release them from their oath until, by a direct vote, the entire nation shall have chosen a definitive government. Thus you see, like the man in Horace, I wrap myself in my right and my resignation. Strong in my own conscience, I restrain the impatience of some, and despise the treachery and the insult of others. I observe, with a certain degree of satisfaction, that the republic is forced to act with severity against the very men who, during twenty-three years, attacked my government, and to adopt many of the measures which I regarded as indispensable to the maintenance of order; but, as I am not a man of party, this feeling gives place in my heart to another and a stronger—the pain with which I see the destinies of France delivered over to the hazard of events, the fury of factions, the weakness of the men in power, and the exactions of the foreigner.'

"In reference to the recent publication of

the letters addressed to him by one M. Lessines, the emperor said: 'These letters, as far as I can remember, are authentic, but surely I cannot be held responsible for the absurdities which people choose to address to me, and the communications of M. Lessines never received from me any serious notice. I believed the man himself to be a sort of harmless lunatic, as you shall judge. The first time I saw him, three or four years ago, he was walking hurriedly up and down the interior court-yard of the Tuileries. Upon sending to learn what he wanted, he excitedly answered, "My fate is in the emperor's hands."'

"How so?"

"Because he is the only man who can confer upon me the boon I desire."

"Name your request."

"A stall at the opera this evening."

"Why do you not go and buy one?"

"Impossible! Every seat is taken. The lady I wish to marry will be there, and I must see her."

"To humor what I supposed to be a sort of harmless idiosyncrasy," continued the emperor, laughing heartily at the remembrance, "I gave orders to place in my strange visitor's possession the coveted admission to the opera, and he went his way rejoicing. The next I heard of him was in the shape of a proposition to annex Belgium to France—a project to which I certainly did not give the consideration my detractors pretend to believe."

Appearance of Paris.

As we drive through the streets on our entrance into the city, it seems but little changed. The boulevards still as lively as ever, the *cafés* as full as ever, and the people apparently as idle, thoughtless, and careless, as they were two years ago, when France was still *la grand nation* in reality, and would have ridiculed the idea of a successful foreign invasion, especially by the despised beer-drinking *gredins* from Prussia.

Such was my first impression of Paris on reëntering it. I could scarcely realize that a fearful war and a bloody revolution had just terminated. It was not until I had been in the city a day or two, had seen the ruined buildings, had conversed with a number of the French people, and had had time to notice a hundred little changes that one only who had known the city of old would detect, that I could perceive any difference between the Paris of the empire and the Paris of today. Even now, judging from what I have seen in American letters and papers, it seems to me that there prevails on the other side of the water a somewhat exaggerated idea as to the state of affairs in Paris, and, hence, I have jotted down a few notes, as my impressions of the changes in the appearances of the city, which may perhaps be interesting to some of your readers.

The Place Vendôme would look the same as ever were it not for the lofty column which is sadly missed from the pedestal. The fragments have been carefully removed and preserved, and rumor says that the government meditate its reërection before long. The old sergeant who for many years had been the guardian of the column died a day or two ago, solely, as the newspapers say, from grief at the destruction of his emperor's monument, near which the old man had passed so many years of his life. The *Ministre de France* and the *Palais du Legion d'honneur*, though entirely destroyed in the interiors, have been cleared of rubbish and cleaned, and would scarcely attract attention. On the Place de la Concorde, one of the fountains is missing, as are also one or

two of the handsome *rostra* ornamented lamp-posts. Most of the statues of the cities are somewhat battered, and poor Lille, which was knocked in half by a shell, is now covered by a scaffolding, whether for the purpose of repair or simply of concealment, I know not.

In the Rue Royale, which extends from the Place de la Concorde to the Madeleine, five or six buildings are missing, some destroyed by the bombs, and some by the Commune. In one building the entire upper stories were burnt out, but the restaurant on the *Rex de Chausée* was entirely uninjured, and its business was rather benefited than damaged by its situation in the midst of ruins. It is said that, when one of these buildings fell, one wall alone being left standing, a great deal of merriment was caused by the fact that the only household articles which escaped destruction were a lady's crinoline and an umbrella which, hanging from a nail in the wall—having defied the flames—remained suspended for several days flaunting in mid-air.

The gardens of the Tuileries, now thoroughly cleaned and renovated, have lost but little of their beauty, and the Tuileries themselves, when seen from a short distance, present much the same appearance as ever. But, as you approach nearer, the illusion is dispelled. Nothing but the walls and turrets remain, the whole interior, from throne-room to boudoir, having fallen a prey to the destroying element. Over each entrance of the palace is painted in large characters, "*République Française Propriété Nationale. Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité.*" The pavilions connecting the Louvre with the Tuileries are scarcely injured at all, nor is the Louvre itself. The works of art in the galleries are in tolerable good order, although all of them are not visible, many of those removed for safety not having yet been restored to their places.

Shareholders.

M. de Villemessant, the editor of the *Figaro*, is publishing in a serial his "Memoirs of a Journalist," and in some recent numbers he records his reminiscences of shareholders. "It is my experience," he writes, "that no company was ever started, even under the most unfavorable auspices, without a certain number of simpletons arriving in hot haste to intrust to it the savings of a whole lifetime;" and in support of this he tells these anecdotes: At the time when the gold-fever was at its height, and Californian prospectuses were blooming on all the advertisement sheets, he one day received from a country curé a letter enclosing a thousand-franc note, with the request that he, M. de Villemessant, would kindly invest this sum in whatever gold company he considered safest. By return of post he sent back the note, saying: "My dear M. le Curé—I have made inquiries and find that the promoters of all the companies you mention are either just returned from the hulks or on the point of being sent thither." By the next post he received the following: "My dear Sir—I will profit by your excellent advice. Since the shares are so bad, buy me only the enclosed five hundred francs' worth instead of a thousand." Another anecdote relates to a bubble company which flourished about twenty years ago under the name of the Toison d'Or. Going to the offices one afternoon to call on one of the directors, M. de Villemessant found the place in possession of the police. Not knowing at first what the confusion was about, he addressed himself to a stranger and inquired. His interlocutor happened to be a person who had come for the purpose of buying shares, and great was his distress. "Only to think," cried he, "that if I had arrived an hour sooner

I should have been in time; but" (drawing out his watch) "it is a quarter to four, and the offices of the Lingot d'Or only close at four. If I hurry, I may yet be able to get shares there;" and away he scampered to the Lingot d'Or, own brother to the Toison, and which like it exploded soon afterward. But perhaps the most touching moral is pointed by the third story. A certain shareholder, who was in the habit of paying up a call regularly at each half-yearly meeting, went to hear one of his chairman's periodical statements, provided as usual with his money-bag. On this occasion, however, it so chanced that a dividend was declared. At first the shareholder could not believe his ears; but when it became manifest to him that he was actually going to receive some money instead of paying some, he was so overcome that he had to be accommodated with a seat. On his return home he took to his bed and died the following day.

The Reform Vote.

"Henry Potter, Henry Potter, will you vote with me to-day?"

Henry Potter looked up mildly, as a voter who should say,

"About what's the compensation that you propose to pay?"

"Henry Potter, Henry Potter, there's corruption in the land.

Every voter in New Guinea this election firm should stand

In the ranks of the opposers of the daring robber-band.

"Here's a dollar, Henry Potter, for your influence in the cause

Of sustaining constitutions and upholding righteous laws.

Must I say a dollar fifty?—that's the reason why you pause."

"I've been offered fourteen shillings," Henry Potter then replied,

"All in cash, to vote the ticket on the opposition side.

I'll be blown if I cut under!" Henry Potter calmly cried.

"The corruption at election, Henry Potter, makes me sigh,

I fear the elective franchise soon will go up high and dry.

Here's two dollars, Henry Potter, now then, 'How is that for high?'"

Henry Potter took the lucre, scanned it closely o'er

(He'd been sold with a bad counterfeit in 1864),

"I'll be down right after dinner—I never vote before."

Long and anxiously I waited, Henry Potter didn't come;

So at length I sought the poll-list, found he'd voted and gone home,

And the fourteen-shilling fellow stood there, smiling at me some.

Darwin in Uruguay.

On the first night we slept at a retired little country-house; and there I soon found out that I possessed two or three articles, especially a pocket-compass, which created unbounded astonishment. In every house I was asked to show the compass, and by its aid, together with a map, to point out the direction of various places. It excited the liveliest admiration that I, a perfect stranger, should know the road (for direction and road are synonymous in this open country) to places where I had never been.

At one house a young woman, who was ill in bed, sent to entreat me to come and show her the compass. If their surprise was great, mine was greater, to find such ignorance among people who possessed their thousands of cattle, and "estancias" of great extent. It can only be accounted for by the circumstance that this retired part of the country is seldom visited by foreigners. I was asked whether the earth or sun moved; whether it was hotter or colder to the north; where Spain was, and many other such questions. The greater number of the inhabitants had an indistinct idea that England, London, and North America, were different names for the same place; but the better informed well knew that London and North America were separate countries close together, and that England was a large town in London! I carried with me some promethean matches, which I ignited by biting; it was thought so wonderful that a man should strike fire with his teeth, that it was usual to collect the whole family to see it; I was once offered a dollar for a single one. Washing my face in the morning caused much speculation at the village of Las Minas; a superior tradesman closely cross-questioned me about so singular a practice; and likewise why on board we wore our beards; for he had heard from my guide that we did so. He eyed me with much suspicion; perhaps he had heard of ablutions in the Mohammedan religion, and, knowing me to be a heretic, probably he came to the conclusion that all heretics were Turks. It is the general custom in this country to ask for a night's lodging at the first convenient house. The astonishment at the compass, and my other feats in jugglery, was to a certain degree advantageous, as with that, and the long stories my guides told of my breaking stones, knowing venomous from harmless snakes, collecting insects, etc., I repaid them for their hospitality. I am writing as if I had been among the inhabitants of central Africa: Banda Oriental would not be flattered by the comparison; but such were my feelings at the time.—*Darwin's Voyage round the World.*

Novels.

The time will probably arrive when the canons of criticism that are to be applied to the joint literary product of imagination and experience—the modern novel—are definitely decided, and when something else than mere individual caprice will sway the judgment of the Aristarchus of fiction. At present it is no exaggeration to say that we are absolutely in the dark, so far as regards any universally accepted rule of excellence and test of merit by which the nineteenth-century novel can be tried. Perplexity is not unfrequently mistaken for profundity; and the regulation three volumes of romance are pronounced good or bad according as they suit the whim of the literary arbitrator. History and poetry have been written for about four thousand years, and the consequence is, we know what a good poem or a good history ought to be. It is entirely otherwise with the novel. Chronologically speaking, the novel is a species of literature about a hundred years old. Dickens built undoubtedly upon Richardson and Smollett; but there is no more resemblance between them than between the county of Monmouth and the territory of Macedonia. There is really no more convincing proof of the chaotic ignorance in which we are on this subject than the confusion that exists in the application of certain epithets to the various specimens of the fictitious literature of the day. What, for instance, is the precise limit of the "sensational?" and who is to say at what point legitimate incident passes into illegiti-

mate sensation? This is a single illustration; it will, however, do as well as any other, and the truth to which it points is indisputable—that our critical notions on the subject of novelistic excellence are of the foggiest kind. So a while they must remain. Horace wrote his "Art of Poetry" some thousand years after Homer wrote the "Iliad;" how many decades will have elapsed since the publication of "Vanity Fair" before a future Johnson clearly enunciates to us the essential stamps of worth in a latter-day fiction?

Scotch Writers and Scotch Whiskey.

Two points strike us as being worthy of notice. The first is the number of distinguished Scotchmen of late years who have risen from the ranks; and the second is the multitude of Scottish bards who, according to Dr. Rogers, took at an early age to whiskey. Burns, as is well known, followed the plough and composed some of the most beautiful and most lasting of his sonnets at the plough-tail. Hogg wrote his poetry herding sheep on the hills of Ettrick. Hugh Miller was a stone-mason. Sir James Simpson was the son of a baker, and was apprenticed to the same trade. Alexander Smith, the author of "A Life Drama," was trained as a pattern drawer. Dr. Robert Lee, the founder of the modern Broad school of Scotch theology, "being of humble parentage, was trained as a boat-builder. Dr. Robert Chambers, the author of "The Domestic Annals of Scotland," was the son of a small shopkeeper at Peebles. The names of other less known Scotchmen are here mentioned as springing from the humblest stock. It is no new thing for men to rise in Scotland from small beginnings to positions of wealth and eminence. But it is rare to find so many illustrations of his characteristic of Scotch life compressed, unconsciously, into so small a space. The other matter referred to is perhaps not less characteristic of the country. Whiskey, it must be admitted, is her failing. Her minor poets appear to have yielded to it almost without exception. Macfarlan, "the greatest poetical genius of the West Country," was perhaps the chiefest sinner in this respect. "He was a poet born, yet rage, meanness, leasing, and drink, were also in a manner native to him." He was born in 1832, and died of dissipation in 1861. Motherwell was not much better. "The career of this poet was a melancholy one. An industrious writer at first, he became, like Tannahill, a victim to social excesses. His end was tragic," and poor Tannahill, "the Paisley bard," drowned himself, from drink and disappointment, at the age of thirty-six.

The Toad.

Not only are toads harmless, they are absolutely and directly useful to us, perambulating our fields and gardens at night, and devouring vast quantities of injurious insects which could never be destroyed by the hand of man. The mode in which a toad takes his prey is very curious. The singularly beautiful eye of the toad is as quick as it is bright, and if within the range of its vision an insect or a grub should happen to move, the toad is sure to see it, and nearly certain to catch it. First, the toad holds its head as high as possible, so as to make sure of its prey, and then crawls slowly toward it, preferring to get under it, if possible. When it is nearly within reach, it gazes intently at the insect, its mouth being gradually brought nearer and nearer. Something pink then flashes from its mouth, and the insect vanishes as if by magic. The pink flash is the tongue of the toad, which is formed in a rather curious way. The base of the tongue is

fixed close to the front of the lower jaw, and is long and tapering, the tip pointing down the throat when it is at rest. When, however, it is used for catching prey, it is thrown out with a sort of "flick," and the tip, which is covered with a glutinous secretion, adheres to the insect, and conveys it down the toad's throat before the prey has time to make an effort for escape. When the toad swallows its prey, it does it with a mighty effort, during which the eyes almost disappear, the size of the insect having little to do with the vehemence of the demonstration. Sometimes, when a large beetle is swallowed, it does struggle, but too late, and for some time its struggles may be seen through the thin and ribless sides of its capturer; the toad, sitting the while in perfect composure, not in the least affected by the scratchings and kickings that are going on in its interior.

How France might have been saved.

There have been few great military defeats, at least in modern times, that have not found an apologist. Nothing is easier than to fight over again, and to win on paper, a battle that has once been lost in the field: Such a victory, however conclusive in its results, can hardly be as satisfactory to the soldier as one gained by skill-directed battalions; but it is no little solace to wounded pride to be able to demonstrate that, if General Suchaone had not mistaken a certain order at a critical time, or if this or that had not happened contrary to all precedent, the vanquished would inevitably have been the victors. The French people must derive a deal of consolation from the Count de Palikao's belief, expressed in his lately-published volume, that, if the Army of Chalons had moved by the routes suggested by him, the nation would probably have been spared the humiliation of Sedan. The great problem was, how to effect a junction with the army of Bazaine shut up in Metz. His plan was to move in three columns on Verdun, instead of taking the more northerly course pursued by Marshal MacMahon. This would have been a flank march in presence of the enemy; but he defends it as less audacious than the flank movement made by Prince Frederick Charles before Sadowa in presence of the Austrian army, or than other similar movements made by Frederick the Great and by the first Napoleon. By the route suggested, the Army of Chalons would have been able to concentrate at Verdun on the 26th, on which day the crown-prince was at Vitry-le-François, twenty-five leagues from Verdun, he having been misled by a telegram, designedly allowed to fall into his hands, recommending MacMahon to retreat on Paris by Rheims and Soissons. This would have placed the army of Frederick Charles and the German army besieging Metz in a critical position, and might have changed the condition of things entirely. MacMahon could have given battle with one hundred and twenty thousand men, and, with the aid of Bazaine attacking from Metz, would probably have defeated the two German armies before the crown-prince could have reached them. The Count de Palikao casts no aspersions on the strategy of General MacMahon, but is of opinion that the movement might have succeeded by the defiles of the north; and he is confirmed in this opinion by the fact, known from good authority, that the Saxon army at one time believed itself to be out-flanked. He declines to discuss the causes which contributed to the ruin of the plans of Marshal MacMahon, "whom the army, whose entire confidence and esteem he very justly

possesses, considers as a veritable Bayard, 'Sans peur, et sans reproche.'"

Did Homer sing the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey"? Did Shakespeare write "Shakespeare"? Did William Tell shoot the apple from his son's head at the command of the tyrant Gesler? Alas that such questions should be possible! Is nothing sacred to the skeptics of the age? And now comes another iconoclast—a Teuton, of course; Herr Trieber by name—who tries to demolish at one fell blow the image of the world-renowned Spartan, the model Communist and Agrarian, him of the iron and brazen money. Lycurgus never was, is Herr Trieber's dictum, notwithstanding that Herodotus, Aristotle, and Plutarch, have vouchsafed him an entity. There may have been, he admits, a person of that name in Sparta, but beyond that all is chaos. The existing accounts are all traceable to an obscure scribbler named Euphorus, of whose works only fragments remain, and who was an inventor of names and of dates, and as untrustworthy generally as the "Father of Lies" himself. The Greeks were wholly unsettled regarding the time of Lycurgus's existence, some making him contemporary with Homer, and some placing him more than a century later. There was even a theory that there were two of the name, and that the acts of both were ascribed to one. But Lycurgus is too firmly fixed in our affections to be eradicated by Herr Trieber's sophistical reasoning; and we shall continue to assert our belief that Sparta was raised from insignificance to eminence through her persistent adherence to the hard-cash system of the incorruptible law-giver.

A new religious sect has sprung up in the congenial soil of Russia, the birthplace already of innumerable mushroom creeds as short-lived as their tenets are extravagant. If an additional proof is required to impress upon the new faith the stamp of insanity, it is to be found in the poetical turn of the reformer now startling the neighborhood of Ekaterinoslav, and attracting, as we hear, thousands of converts. He scorns to speak in prose, but expresses himself invariably in rhyme and an approach to metre. The founder of the sect preaches polygamy, abrogation of all denominational creeds, and utter religious license, and gives himself out for the Saviour. What prejudices the government against him more than any of these vagaries, however, is his proclamation of Communism. The authorities suspect the religious movement to be only a mask for a political one, and accuse the enthusiasts of being communists in disguise. On this ground the police have announced that they will speedily put a stop to the new religious development.

Foreign Items.

MILLAUD, the banker and newspaper speculator, who died recently in Paris, and who founded the *Petit Journal*, which at one time had a daily circulation of nearly half a million copies, was an enthusiastic believer in the advantages of liberal advertising. One day he had at his table nearly all the proprietors of the leading Paris dailies. They conversed about advertising. Millaud asserted the most worthless articles could be sold in vast quantities, if liberally advertised. Emil de Girardin, of *La Presse*, who was present, took issue with him on the subject. "What will you bet," exclaimed Millaud, "that I can sell in one week one hundred thousand francs' worth of the most common cabbage-seed under

the pretext that it will produce mammoth cabbage-heads! All I have to do is to advertise it at once in a whole page insertion in the daily papers of this city." Girardin replied that he would give him a page in his paper for nothing if he should win his wager. The other newspaper publishers agreed to do the same thing. At the expiration of the week they inquired of Milland how the cabbage-seed had flourished. He showed them his books triumphantly, and satisfied them that he had sold nearly twice as much as he had promised, while orders were still pouring in; but he said the joke must stop there, and no further orders would be filled.

The New-York correspondent of the *Amsterdam News* is not very enthusiastic about the musical affairs in this city. "No good operative company," he says, "has ever appeared yet in New York. The New-Yorkers continue to allow greedy managers to charge them enormous prices of admission for performances in which one or two good stars, surrounded by fifth-class singers, and supported by wretched orchestras, appear. The people of no second-class city in Europe would allow themselves to be treated in that manner."

The most prominent literary papers in Germany, in commenting upon the recent international copyright controversy in the English newspapers, takes sides against the British publishers, and advocate the abrogation of the Anglo-German treaty for the protection of literary property. They say that the sole effects of that treaty are to enable English publishers to control the German book-market, while neither English nor German authors derive any substantial benefit from it.

A Paris correspondent of the *Etoile Belge* relates that, when Mr. Washburne, the United States minister, informed President Thiers of the Chicago conflagration, the French statesman frankly acknowledged he had never heard of the place before, and expressed considerable surprise when informed of the fact that it was a city of over three hundred thousand inhabitants.

The Brussels *Art Revue* says that there is in Europe no first-class painter who, on an average, clears fifty thousand francs a year, except Rosa Bonheur. That eminent *artiste* has recently devoted herself to battle-painting. She has nearly finished her grand tableau of the battle of Orleans, in October, 1870, which is said to be a work of rare power.

Oscar Lessines, the former lover of Queen Isabella of Spain, who urged Napoleon III. so strongly to annex Belgium to France, and whose secret memorials, addressed to the emperor for that purpose, were recently published in the *Indépendance Belge*, was publicly caned in a Paris coffee-house by an illegitimate brother of the present King of Belgium, of whom he had spoken disrespectfully in his writings.

The secret Russian sect, called the "White Doves," whose rites are of the most revolting character, has over three hundred thousand members. Any person convicted of belonging to it is sent for life to the most remote penal settlements in Siberia.

In the Swiss canton of Uri, where they still flog newspaper men whose articles displease the authorities, an editor has been prosecuted for advocating woman's rights. He was acquitted.

A new novelist of consummate ability has arisen in Germany. His name is Max von

Schlagel, and his short stories are pronounced by the leading German critics to be fully equal to any thing Edgar Allan Poe has ever written.

Offenbach, the operette composer, has returned to Paris, but thinks that his prospects in that city are not very promising. He intends to settle permanently in London. Gounod will probably do likewise.

Count Holzgethan, the present Finance-Minister of Austria, has written a book on American finances, of which, notwithstanding its high price, four large editions have been sold.

The German *Medical Gazette* complains of the scarcity of good oculists in that country, and exclaims, sadly, "No successor has as yet been found for Dr. von Graefe!"

Frederick Gerstäcker, the German traveller and novelist, has written altogether one hundred and seventy volumes of travels and novels, and countless newspaper articles.

The editor of the *Polski (Warsaw) Gazette* has received another severe flogging, by order of the police judge, for publishing an article which the latter decided to be seditious.

It is said that journalism has recently been unprofitable in Paris; and yet the impending appearance of nine new daily papers is announced in that city.

Dr. Strousberg, of unsavory financial memory, threatens to bring actions for defamation against every European journal that has accused him of swindling.

The Paris *Vert-Vert* asserts that Mdle. Nilsson is married. Her husband, according to that paper, is a young Italian diplomatist, who wedded her in 1869.

The statue of Schiller, which was recently erected in Berlin, is generally pronounced to be the finest monument in that city.

Victor Hugo, his son, and his son-in-law, have invested their whole fortunes in the *Rappel* newspaper.

When King Louis, of Bavaria, was told that the pope intended to excommunicate him, he said, laughing: "Is that all? How dreadful!"

Upward of one thousand books and pamphlets have been published in Germany on the infallibility question.

The whole staff of the *Cologne Gazette*, the most widely-circulated daily paper in Germany, consists of six persons.

Napoleon III. owns the manuscript of Victor Hugo's savage "Napoléon le Petit."

Varieties.

THE *Pull Mall Gazette* publishes the statistics of persons killed by wild beasts in India during the past year, as follows: "In the Madras Presidency, one hundred and eighty-three persons were killed by tigers, twenty-one by cheetahs and panthers, seven by bears, ten by bisons, five by wild-hogs, four by elephants, and three by alligators. Tigers are most destructive in Ganjam, Vizagapatam, Jeyport, Kurnool, and Coimbatore. Seven persons were killed by tigers in Canara in 1869, eleven in 1868, and eleven were killed by cheetahs."

The project of opening subterranean crossings for pedestrians under the chief thoroughfares of the French capital, is at present under consideration by the city authorities, and will,

in all probability, be adopted. The plan is by M. Reine, architect, and is very simple. Large kiosques are to mark the crossings and lead to the descending stairs. The passages will be lighted by gas through a ceiling of opaque glass. The cost of building and keeping the passages in repair will, owing to an ingenious system of advertising, necessitate but a trifling expenditure on the part of the city.

A gentleman recently asked the veteran actor, Charles Mathews, who is now sixty-eight, how he had managed to preserve his youthful spirits and vigor so well. "Well," said the comedian, "I've lived a pretty free life, but I always made it a rule to have eight hours' sleep out of the twenty-four. No matter where I was, or what the temptation, I would have my sleep. And then I always eat four good sound meals a day." "But are you not a great smoker?" "Well, no; not so very much of a smoker. I begin every morning, it is true, but then I leave off at night."

During the recent exhibition of a menagerie in Tipperary, Ireland, a child, who thrust her arm into a jaguar's cage, had it bitten off by the enraged beast. About twelve o'clock at night a party of forty or fifty men came and broke open the cage, and, having killed the jaguar, carried off the carcass and dissected it for the purpose of recovering the portions of flesh which had been eaten, in order that they might be buried in consecrated ground.

A contemporary records that a nice young girl at Green Bay, Wisconsin, was being courted by a nice young man. He was generously inclined, and made her presents of hair-oil, which he purchased from the store of the father of his adored. After giving her some twenty bottles of the oleaginous fluid, he discovered he was working in a circle—as fast as he presented them, she returned them to the store, thus dutifully making trade for her father.

Charles Collins, Dickens's son-in-law, gives his guess on the "mystery" in Edwin Drood. He says that Edwin was never to reappear, having been murdered by Jasper. Rosa, not having been really attached to Edwin, was not to lament his loss very long, and was to admit the sailor, Mr. Tarter, to supply his place.

Professor Henry says that the observations of the Smithsonian Institution, which extend over a period of twenty years, have as yet failed to confirm the popular belief that the removal of the forests and the cultivation of the soil tend to diminish the amount of rainfall.

At the meeting of the International of Spain, in Valencia, Citizen Mora declared that "a woman ought not to be compelled to live with the same man always, but that she has the right to leave him whenever she thinks she can be better off with another."

Columbus, Ohio, is unusually elated. The officers engaged on the scientific survey in its neighborhood have discovered that that city is three miles nearer Boston than has hitherto been supposed.

Mdle. Nilsson's losses by fire in Paris are said to have been eighty thousand dollars, which, added to seventy thousand in Chicago, foot up two moderate fortunes.

It is said that to flatter people effectively you must know what they are, what they think they are, and what they want other people to think they are.

A young lady who was in Paris during the first siege gives as her judgment that mule-meat is nice, horseflesh good, and cats really excellent.

"Clara," inquired Tom, "what animal dropped from the clouds?" "The rain, dear," was the reply.

It is difficult to understand why some people concern themselves about their lungs when their lungs take air of themselves.

Seventy-five newspapers and magazines were burned out in the Chicago fire.

What is the difference between a coat and a baby? The one I wear, the other I was.



THE "HABITS OF GOOD SOCIETY."—No. 1.

ARRIVING AT THE CONCERT AFTER THE MUSIC HAS BEGUN, WITH PROUD DISREGARD OF THE DISCOMFORT THEREBY INFLICTED UPON THE VULGAR PEOPLE WHO HAVE TAKEN PAINS TO BE SEATED IN TIME

APPLETONS' JOURNAL—CONTENTS OF NO. 142, DECEMBER 16, 1871.

	PAGE		PAGE
VIEW UP THE HUDSON, FROM FORT LEE. (Illustration.).....	673	THE SEAL-FISHERY OF NEWFOUNDLAND. By William L. Stone...	686
LADY SWEETAPPLE; OR, THREE TO ONE: Chapters VII. and VIII. By the author of "Annals of an Eventful Life.".....	674	SEA-VOICES. By William M. Holcombe.....	687
THE STORY OF A CHILD'S TOY—In Two Chapters: Chapter I...	677	FORT LEE, ON THE HUDSON: Second Paper. (Illustrated.) By Thomas Dunn English.....	688
'GOOD-BYE, SWEETHEART!'—Part II.: Chapter V. By Rhoda Broughton, author of "Red as a Rose is She," etc. (From advance-sheets.).....	681	THE RULE OF THE ROAD. By A. Steele Penn.....	692
LE POURSUIVANT D'AMOUR. By Barton Grey.....	682	FROM THE VALLEY OF DEATH. Poems by Frederick W. Loring..	693
A GLIMPSE OF THE ALHAMBRA. (With an Illustration.) By Henry Coppée, LL. D.....	683	TABLE-TALK.....	694
THE "HABITS OF GOOD SOCIETY:" No. 1. (Illustration.).....	700	MISCELLANY.....	695
		FOREIGN ITEMS.....	698
		VARIETIES.....	699

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